HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2114.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897.

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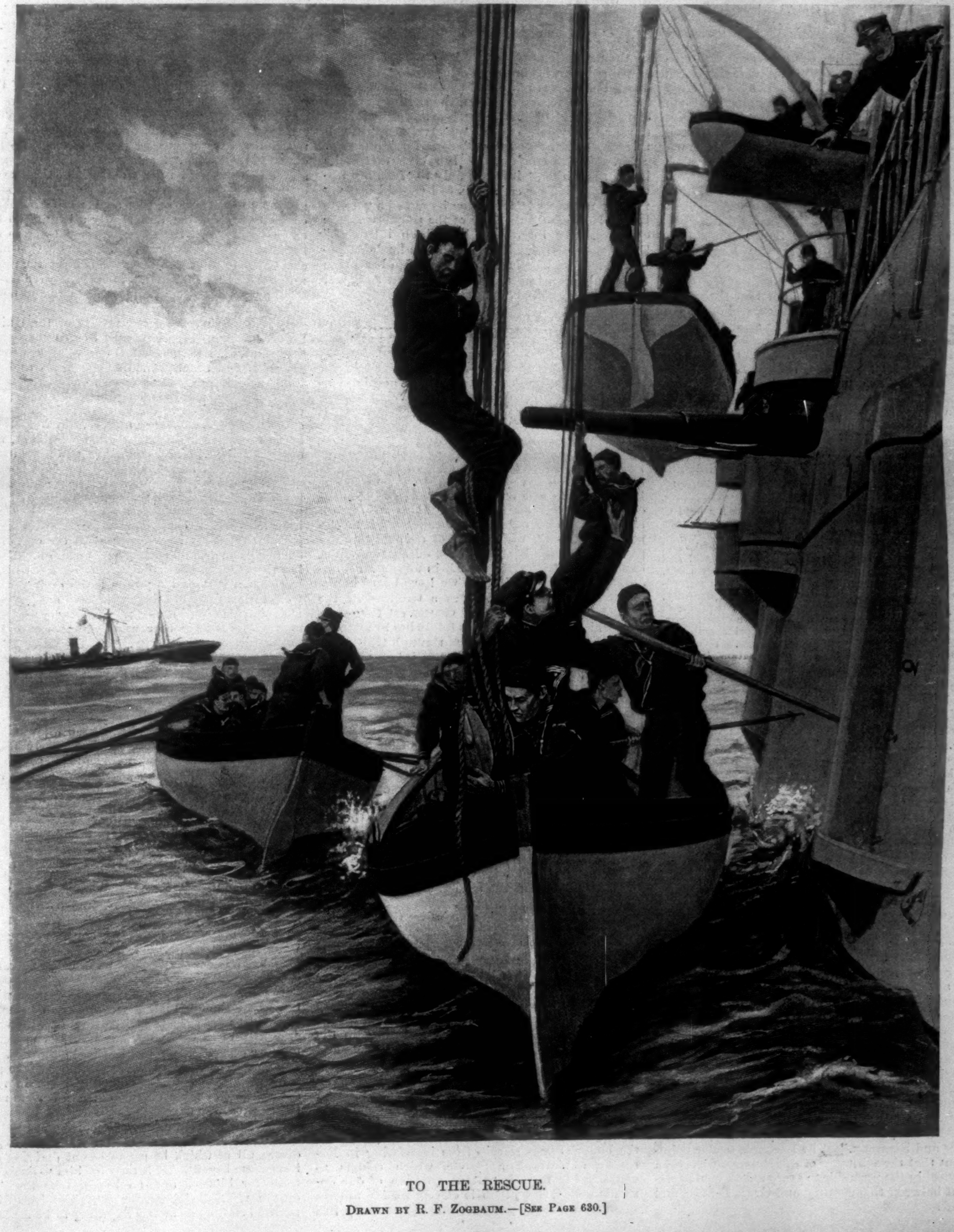

TO THE RESCUE.

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 630.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 26, 1897.

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A New Serial.

"THE VINTAGE,"

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE,

BY E. F. BENSON, AUTHOR OF "DODO,"

Will begin in the next number.

OUR INTERNATIONAL POLICY.

THE Father of his Country, in that immortal "Farewell Address" with which he laid down the burdens of public life, outlined the true international policy of the young republic in words which have but gained added weight by the lapse of a century. After wise counsel as to domestic affairs in their various aspects, WASHINGTON took up the question of the country's foreign relations. "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all." Starting with this broad injunction as the cornerstone of the right line of action, he urged that not only did religion and morality enjoin such conduct, but that good policy equally dictated it. "Who can doubt," he asked, "that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it?"

WASHINGTON proceeded to show how the policy which he advocated could best be carried out. "In the execution of such a plan," he said, "nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated." The chief reason given for adopting this rule was the fact that a nation which indulges toward another a habitual hatred or a habitual fondness becomes a slave to its animosity or its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Then follows this striking passage:

> Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

The American who was the ambassador of the United States to Great Britain a hundred years after WASHINGTON enunciated the true international policy of this republic has recently returned to his home. In an address at a reception tendered him by the National Civic Club of Brooklyn, a few days ago, Mr. THOMAS F. BAYARD made some remarks which were in the nature of rendering an account of his stewardship. It is an interesting coincidence that the Delaware statesman should have given as the rule of his conduct the principle which the first President made fundamental.

A few weeks ago Mr. BAYARD visited Boston, as the bearer from London of an interesting historical manuscript. On that occasion he was described as "the ambassador of good feeling rather than of diplomacy." Opening his Brooklyn speech by a reference to this allusion, and explaining that if there is a distinction between good feeling and diplomacy he had never essayed to divide the two, Mr. BAYARD recalled the words with which FRANKLIN and his associates prefaced the treaty with GEORGE III. in 1783, reciting that "reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience are found by experience to form the only permanent foundation of peace and friendship between states," and that the articles of the treaty were formed "on such principles of liberal equity and reciprocity as that, partial advantages (those seeds of discord) being excluded, such a beneficial and satisfactory intercourse between the two countries may be established as to promise and secure to both perpetual peace and harmony." The late ambassador pointed out that the substance of this statement has been repeated in the preamble to every subsequent agreement between this country and Great Britain, and added:

> Therefore you will perceive that I was, and certainly am, endeavoring always to be the representative, not of the passions, jealousies, and animosities of my countrymen, or of the ambitions, prejudices, or selfish interests of individuals or classes, but, seeking agreement and not disagreement, I have steadily sought to accent the kindly courtesy, the absolute international good faith, and in all my dealings to be, in short, the representative of the affections and mutual interests, and not the passions, of the people of the great nations between whom such affinities, sacred, moral, and intellectual, exist. You will perceive, gentlemen, that such purposes and so pursued must, if successful, constitute an international tranquillity in which the personal fame and renown of the agent, being wholly secondary, disappears from public view in the calm sea of public safety, welfare, and content, and the wisdom of the proverb is verified that "the ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure."

It is a fortunate circumstance that the sound principles of international policy should be thus enunciated so near the opening of a new administration. It is a lesson which needs to be enforced just now perhaps as much as at any time in our history. There was never so little excuse for the indulgence of antipathy against any other nation on the part of our people, and yet we have plenty of politicians who are always ready to "lay hold of slight causes of umbrage" against Great Britain. There was never a time when the sentiment of the civilized world against war was so strong as it is today, and yet veteran Senators scarcely seek to veil their desire for a collision with some foreign nation.

Mr. BAYARD confessed at Brooklyn that, if he had an ambition, "it is certainly to 'read my history in a nation's eyes,' and to feel assured that my fame or notoriety has not been increased a particle by the losses and sufferings of the people with the care of whose interests I have been intrusted." The late ambassador has realized this laudable ambition, and he has done far more. He has given the republic an impressive object-lesson as to our true international policy.

THE TREATY OF ANNEXATION.

IN negotiating with the Hawaiian government a treaty of annexation Mr. MCKINLEY has taken a step of the first importance, involving nothing less than a possible revolution in our foreign policy. Since WASHINGTON advised the country against entering upon entangling alliances with foreign powers, the prevailing sentiment of the American people has been opposed to the annexation of distant territory, and our one excursion in the business of colonization has not yet turned out a profitable investment in any respect. Filibusters and advocates of adventures and speculations in foreign lands have more than once encountered a hostile public sentiment, which has not only given them pause, but which has more than once wrung from them hasty protestations of innocence. Since JOHN QUINCY ADAMS's time we have heard of the value that Cuba would be as a territory of the United States, and General GRANT set the precedent which Mr. MCKINLEY is following by attempting to gain foreign possessions through treaty. It is devoutly to be hoped, in the interest of the peaceful policy which has thus far governed this country, and which has done so much for the promotion of its prosperity, that this later effort will meet the fate of the former, and that the present Senate will be guided by impulses as patriotic as those which determined the action of the Senators who followed SUMNER.

It is not our intention to discuss this treaty fully, but simply to point out the gravity of the step which the President and his advisers have taken—a step which is the more surprising in view of the fact that it had been generally supposed that both the President and Secretary SHERMAN were opposed to annexation. But the business of the hour is with the treaty, and with its necessary proposition of a radical change in the foreign policy of the government.

The question which is now before the Senate is, in essence, shall the United States enter upon a career of colonial expansion? And before answering it in the affirmative, the Senate ought to be satisfied that the time has come for us to take our place among the nations that are constantly on the verge of war. If it be for our advantage to take Hawaii, how much more advantageous would it be for us to take all the Spanish possessions in the Caribbean Sea? If we need outlying posts and strategic points, we need them more in the Atlantic than in the Pacific, and if we are to take what we need, without regard to the claims of European powers, how can we consistently adhere to the MONROE doctrine, which denies to Europe the right to interfere in American affairs largely because the United States refrain from interfering in European affairs? The Senate, which refuses to consider the most important question of our domestic policy, and which is clearly unable to cope with the currency problem, should not ratify this treaty unless it be convinced that in some mysterious way the addition of the task of colonial government to the present duties of Congress will simplify our home problems. Most of us think these home problems are beyond the power of our politicians, and that there are opportunities enough for our "heelers" and "strikers" to disgrace us without providing more offices for them in distant lands. The Senate should also be convinced that our present attitude of hostility to foreign commerce is wrong; and if it be willing to increase the area of free trade in return for spoils, it must be satisfied that our commerce with Hawaii will be actually increased by annexation. Finally, when the United States are facing a war with socialism stimulated by discontent with present financial conditions, is it the time to enter upon a policy which may result in doubling taxation and enormously increasing our international responsibilities?

These are some of the serious questions which are at once suggested by Mr. MCKINLEY's treaty.

THE TARIFF AND AGRICULTURE.

THE universal sympathy of the framers of the tariff bills for all forms of industry, productive or unproductive, actual or possible, has been noted. There was a general display of this sympathy when the duties on agricultural products came up for discussion. It was "farmers' day" in the Senate, and much was said upon the needs of the farmer of the land—better prices for his products, a sure market to sell in, a certain supply of farm labor, cheap transportation, and finally a bounty on his exports. To read the many speeches made in his favor it might be supposed he was in great straits, and about to be driven from the field by the pressure of adverse conditions. Mere protective duties would not save him; he must have liberal bounties to encourage him to continue his labors.

It must be admitted the farmer of the United States has long been burdened to an unnecessary degree, and has borne the full cost of almost every mistaken experiment attempted by State and national legislature. It was due to his efforts that our country attained and maintained an agricultural predominance in the world that has been the support and envy of other nations. It was his enterprise that had peopled a great continent, and enabled industries and commerce to thrive under the advantages he secured by his own labor applied to nature. He and his make up the great home market, and from the passage of the first protective tariff he has paid for the maintenance of industries which could not have existed without factitious support, as well as settled the cost of all currency, labor, and socialistic legislation. Forming the very foundation of the nation's wealth, he has seen a part of his profits taken each year by form of law to go to others who have not possessed the same ability to produce. For nearly a century manufactures have been unduly supported out of the earnings of the farmer.

In all this period he has received no protection for his own products. The home market was not and can never be large enough to consume his principal products. He early reached the limits of that market, and entered into foreign markets, enjoying a superiority that has passed unquestioned for half a century. At one time nearly ninety per cent. of our exports were agricultural; and even now, when they form but sixty-six per cent., they amount to nearly $630,000,000 a year. Having an ability to export, no protective duties on his products could affect him; but in every tariff the vain farce of framing such duties is performed. Take the article of breadstuffs alone. The exports have amounted to $300,000,000 in a single year; the imports have steadily decreased, and are now less than $2,000,000. The imports of all articles of food amount to about $229,000,000; but more than five-sixths of this sum represents articles which do not come into competition with domestic products; and what little remains is a class of imports brought into local markets which cannot be so advantageously supplied as from abroad.

If the pretence of protecting the farmer while taxing him more than his share is to be maintained, let him get some direct benefit which will assure him that the government can be as paternal to him as to other interests of the community. He sees a direct payment of $140,000,000 a year to pensioners; nearly $50,000,000 a year sunk in river and harbors to favor commerce; and he sees more than $27,000,000 a year put into a navy to protect that commerce against possible enemies. In every direction he sees extravagance and waste in expenditure, all of which he pays without deriving any immediate benefit. It is time for him to study the tariff for himself, and no longer take the word of the political jobber, for otherwise he will be mulcted so long as he has anything to be taken.

PRETENTIOUSNESS IN EDUCATION.

The most hopeful sign of the times in connection with American education comes from an Eastern secondary school. A movement was on foot to change the school into a college; but the principal stated that though it offered the equivalent of two years of a college course, he had no wish to alter its character. Only an endowment of the most liberal kind, he declared—one sufficient for a thoroughly reputable college—would justify a change. He thought it worthier to be a first-rate school than a second-rate college.

The common-sense of his position is obvious, once it is honestly stated; but it is none the less true that the declaration is almost unique in the annals of American education. In the past the ruling spirit among our educators has been one of crude pretence. With boundless trust in our future, men, leaving bequests scarcely adequate to found a reputable school, have founded colleges. The result of this has been that the cause of secondary education has suffered in the extreme. Every year our most advanced institutions of learning have declared that men come to them radically unprepared to profit by a university education. The freshman and sophomore years have in consequence to be largely given over to the vexatious and wasteful endeavor to teach men what they should have learned at school. Of this state of things the recent complaint that undergraduates cannot speak and write the language to which they were born is a single symptom.

And we have here only the beginning of the evil. The assumption that secondary education is of secondary importance is radically false. For every one boy that can afford to study until he is twenty-two, scores are forced to enter active life at eighteen, or even earlier. And waiving the question of expense, it is more than doubtful whether any considerable proportion of the young men of a nation are fitted by nature to profit either in mind or in character by a four years' residence even at a first-rate college. The secondary schools have in their charge, or should have, the education of the mass of men who are to make American laws and to administer them. To despise the secondary schools, or in any way to make them of secondary importance, is to neglect the vital interests of the nation.

Our colleges in turn have not escaped the fallacy here involved. The moment they have the slightest claim as institutions of learning, they grasp at the name of university. An ingenious statistician has calculated that there are more foundations claiming high rank as institutions of learning in the single State of Ohio than in the entire continent of Europe. The absurdity of such a state of affairs is manifest; but some of even the older and more respectable colleges have of late succumbed to the ambition to pull themselves up by the bootstraps. To make this clear we have only to consider the distinction which accepted usage makes in America between the college and the university. The college aims chiefly to provide an efficient four years' course of study, supplementary to the course pursued in the preparatory schools. Of necessity the instruction offered is general, and is incompatible with serious special research or professional training. Its aim is normally to educate as men and as citizens such boys from the preparatory schools as can afford higher education and are capable of profiting by it. The university, on the other hand, aims to carry its students forward into the field of pure scholarship, which has only indirectly to do with character and citizenship; and especially it aims to afford thorough training in the professions, such as teaching, law, medicine, and theology. Yet that the position of the university is of necessity more dignified or otherwise desirable than that of the college is no more obvious than that the college is more important than the secondary school. Within the past year, however, one of our oldest colleges, and the one in which the college ideal has hitherto been conserved in its utmost strength and purity, has attempted this metamorphosis into a university. As a matter of fact, its facilities for special research are meagre, and its endowment not large. It has no law-school. The study of medicine is precluded both by the absence of hospitals and by the existence of a State law against dissecting the human body. Yet to-day it has ceased to be the foremost of American colleges, and has become one of the least of American universities. This instance is typical; and to all such ambitious projects we humbly recommend the example of the school principal. If we were to add anything, it would be that the function of the college is of greater importance to the nation than that of the university, and that the function of the secondary school is, or should be made, more vital than that of either.

A CIVIL SERVICE LESSON.

The guileless citizen who is still impressed by the favorite argument of the spoils politicians that the head of a public department will know best what kind of help he needs, and should therefore be left entirely unhampered by civil service rules in selecting his subordinates "according to his own sense of duty and responsibility," may study with profit the illustration of that theory furnished by what is at present going on in the Library of Congress. The Congressional Library has gradually grown to be one of the great libraries of the world. It may be destined to become the greatest. A new edifice has been erected to house it—one of the finest public buildings, if not the finest, in this country. The collections of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, charts, and other things composing the library are soon to be taken from their old quarters in the Capitol to this new abode, and to put and keep the library in the new building in proper order so that it may be of the greatest possible use and enjoyment to the public, the Librarian has to appoint a number of persons to assist him in his work.

According to the spoils theory, then, no civil service rules should hamper the Librarian in selecting his assistants, as he must be presumed to know best what qualifications are needed for the work to be done. The present Librarian, being a professional man of uncommon ability and large experience, no doubt possesses that knowledge in a much higher degree than most new heads of departments do when they enter upon duties of which they are at first usually more or less ignorant. The Librarian knows exactly what qualifications those should have who are to serve as his immediate assistants, or in the catalogue department, or in the art gallery, or in the departments of maps and charts, or of periodicals, or of music, or in the Congressional reference library, or in the law library, or in the copyright department. And being a conscientious officer, not a spoils politician in any sense, the Librarian earnestly wishes to put into the places to be filled the best qualified persons he can find. So far the facts in this case tally exactly with the assumption reasoned upon by those who insist that he should not be hampered by civil service rules in "the exercise of his judgment according to his sense of duty and responsibility." But is he really left free to fill those places according to *his own* knowledge and sense of duty? Here is the rub.

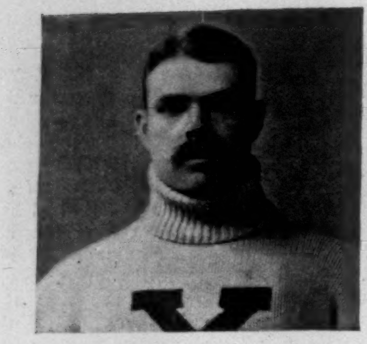
As credibly reported from Washington, the Librarian has for about one hundred positions in the library proper received several thousand applications; some accounts place the number of them as high as six thousand. The papers filed by and in behalf of the applicants are piled up in huge, bewildering masses around him. What is he to do? To study all those documents so as to form from them any intelligent conclusion as to the comparative merits of the candidates, or even to read them all before the time when the appointments are to be made, is, for one man, a physical impossibility. Should he not thrust them all aside and search among his own professional acquaintances for fit persons, or devise certain means to ascertain the qualifications of candidates so as to satisfy his own judgment "according to his sense of duty and responsibility"? But that is not at all what those have in mind who speak so glibly of the head of a department knowing best what kind of help he wants, and of his discretion and sense of duty that should not be hampered by civil service rules. A very large number of the thousands of applications which distress the poor Librarian are endorsed and more or less vigorously urged by Senators, or members of the House of Representatives, or other political potentates; and these powerful persons insist that the Librarian shall not appoint candidates selected by himself, according to his own knowledge and sense of duty, but that he shall appoint the candidates selected for him by them.

Upon what grounds, then, do such Senators, or Representatives, or other political potentates, make their selection for places in the library? Upon the sole ground of fitness for the work to be done? Nobody having any experience of public life will pretend this. It will hardly be denied that persons urged for public place by politicians who deal in patronage are only in very exceptional instances selected on account of their fitness for the duties to be performed. Sometimes, indeed, they possess that fitness; but the grounds upon which they are preferred are usually of a very different nature, their fitness being only a matter of secondary consideration or a lucky coincidence. The coldness or even positive disfavor with which appointments on the sole ground of eminent fitness are apt to be regarded by the so-called practical politician was strikingly exemplified some time ago when President McKinley named Mr. Andrew D. White as ambassador to Germany, and Mr. Angell of Michigan as minister to Turkey. The Republican Senators from New York and from Michigan had not recommended those distinguished gentlemen. However, when the nominations were greeted by the whole country with a round of applause, the Senators acquiesced, but wished the administration to understand, according to common report, that those appointments should not be "charged" to their patronage allowance. What they were most anxious for was not that this republic should have the best possible diplomatic representation in Germany and Turkey, and that their respective States should have the honor of furnishing the fittest men for those posts, but that their own patronage claims should be reserved for persons of a different category and for interests and purposes of an altogether different nature.

The persons recommended for office by Senators, Representatives, or other party leaders ordinarily belong to one of two classes—those to be provided for, or those to be got rid of. Those to be provided for are usually persons who have been and may still be useful to the party or to the political potentate who recommends them. Those to be got rid of are office-seekers who, like mosquitoes, persistently buzz around the man of influence and make his life miserable until they get what they want or are rudely shaken off. Both classes are doubtless largely represented among the applicants for places in the Congressional Library. One of the Senators representing a commonwealth not far distant from the District of Columbia is reported to be pestered by hundreds of women in his State for comfortable places in the Congressional Library with such furious vehemence and such indomitable tenacity that he, although not at all friendly to civil service reform, secretly prays to have the library put under the civil service rules, simply to save him from the mad-house. Everybody who has had any experience of executive office in the national government knows what kind of argument is now employed with the Librarian by men of political influence who wish to unload upon the library their persons to be provided for or to be got rid of. "Here is a man," says the Senator, "for whom I must have a place in the library with a good salary—not less than so much." The Librarian mildly inquires about the qualifications of the candidate, and explains that taking care of a great library is a science, and that assistants to be of service must possess considerable professional knowledge and experience. The Senator grows impatient. "I am very tired of this eternal talk about qualifications," says he. "Do you mean to say that a man presented by me is unfit? I must have that place for this man, and that is all there is of it." And the Librarian may consider himself lucky if the Senator does not give him to understand that unless that appointment be forth-coming the Librarian's own position may be in danger. This is no fancy picture. Whoever is well acquainted with official life in Washington remembers scores of similar conversations that have actually taken place. And this is what the spoils politician calls leaving the department chief—in this case the Librarian—entirely free to act upon his knowledge of what kind of help he needs, and to make his selections according to his own sense of duty and responsibility. It is the most audacious of mockeries.

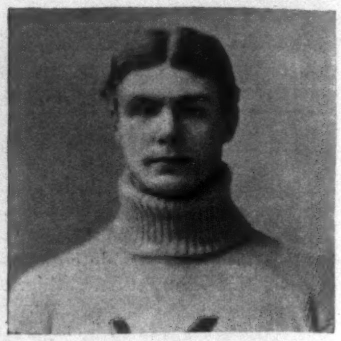
A public library is one of the evidences as well as one of the instrumentalities of civilization. To make the administration of the greatest and most conspicuous library we have the dumping-ground of patronage-mongers for their political hangers-on whom they cannot otherwise dispose of would be a barbarous outrage, degrading this republic before all the world. But just this outrage threatens to happen unless the Librarian arms himself with the fortitude of the martyr, takes his official life in his hand, and defies all the spoilsmen in Congress; or unless the library is put once for all under civil service rules. Such an order would afford the stronger and more permanent protection, for it would always serve as a bulwark of defence to Librarians of doubtful power of resistance. If it be said that such rules too would limit the discretion of the Librarian in the choice of his subordinates, the answer is that they would at least subject all candidates for places under him to competitive tests as to their specific qualifications for the work to be done, and would attract and give the best chance to persons of professional talent and acquirements. The great library, which should be the pride of the country, would then be safe from defilement by spoils politics, and a burning disgrace would be averted from the nation.

Carl Schurz.


P. H. BAILEY (Captain) No. 5.

D. F. ROGERS, Bow.

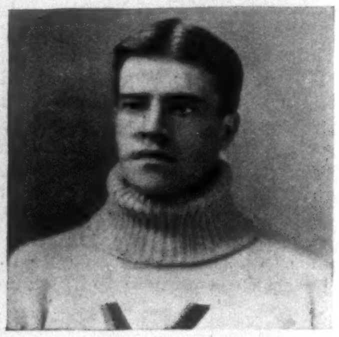
PAYNE WHITNEY, No. 2.


H. G. CAMPBELL, Jr., No. 3.

J. C. GREENWAY, No. 4.

F. W. ALLEN, No. 6.

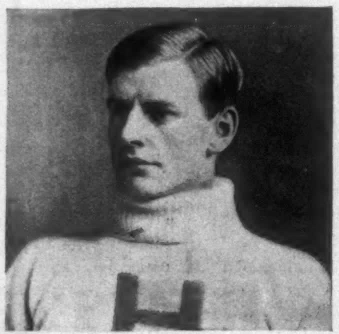
W. E. S. GRISWOLD, No. 7.

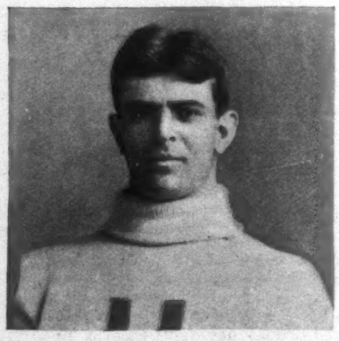

G. LANGFORD, Stroke.

YALE'S 'VARSITY EIGHT.

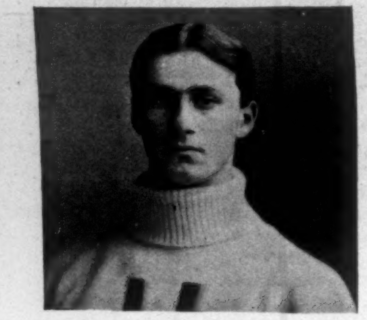
DAVID M. GOODRICH (Captain), No. 7.

GEORGE D. MARVIN, Bow.


CHARLES C. BULL, No. 2.


EDGAR N. WRIGHTINGTON, No. 3.

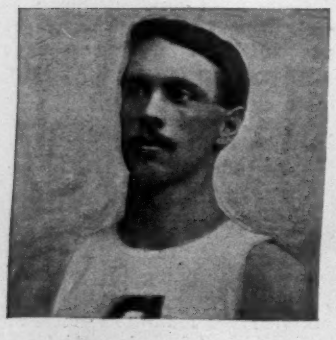
ALBERT A. SPRAGUE, 2d, No. 4.


JAMES H. PERKINS, No. 5.

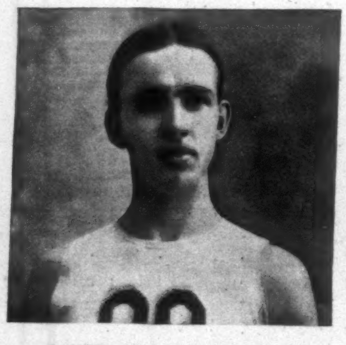
JOHN F. PERKINS, No. 6.

E. A. BOARDMAN, Jr., Stroke.

HARVARD'S 'VARSITY EIGHT.


E. O. SPILLMAN (Captain).

F. A. BRIGGS, Stroke.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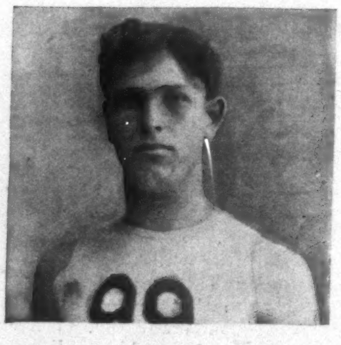
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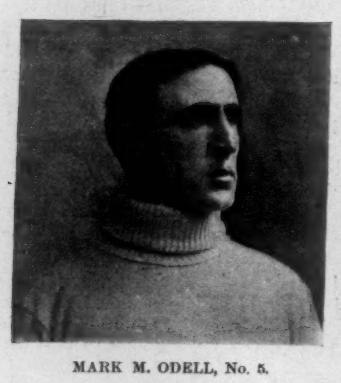
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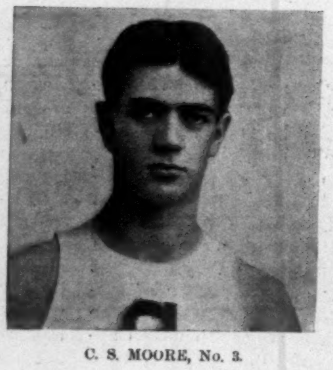
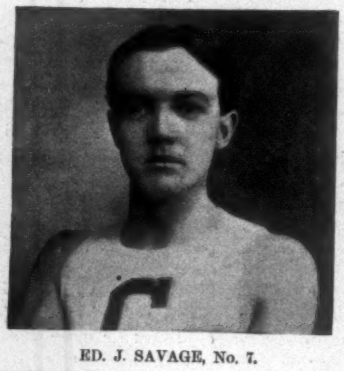
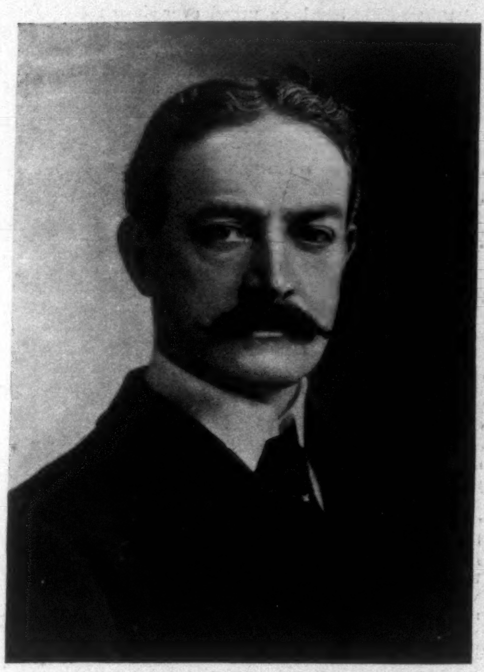

C. S. MOORE, No. 3.


ED. J. SAVAGE, No. 7.

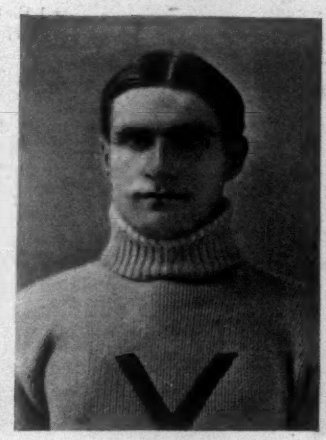
WILTON BENTLEY, No. 2.

CORNELL'S 'VARSITY EIGHT.

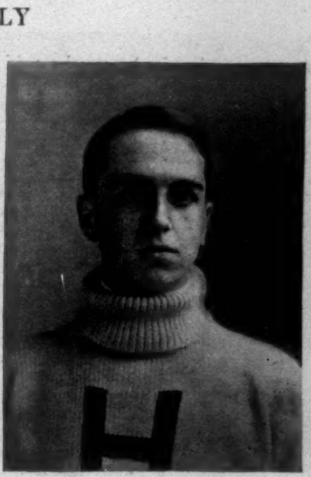
THE HARVARD-YALE-CORNELL FOUR-MILE BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 25—THE CREWS.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 646.]



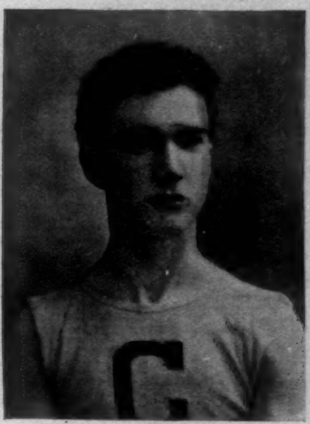
R. C. LEHMANN,
The English Coach of the Harvard Crew.



L. F. GREENE,
Cockswain Yale Crew.



R. S. HUIDEKOPER,
Cockswain Harvard Crew.



F. D. COLSON,
Cockswain Cornell Crew.

THE UNIVERSAL POSTAL CONGRESS OF WASHINGTON.

THE Universal Postal Congress, which assembled in Washington on the 5th of May under the presidence of Postmaster-General James A. Gary, closed its labors on the 15th of June. The delegates of the congress, representing sixty-two different nations, are now returning to their distant homes. All roads, it has been said, lead to Rome, and in this case there is a special significance, for it is in Rome that the next postal congress is to convene, in 1902. The United States may not again have the honor of entertaining the congress until the claims of sixty other counries have been considered and accepted, in which event the postal congress may reconvene in Washington in the year 2202.

The results accomplished by the congress are considerable, and may be briefly stated as follows:

Korea has definitely entered the Postal Union, and is actually organizing a postal department in the "Land of Morning Calm."

China, formerly known as the "Elder Brother" of Korea, was represented in the congress, and will adhere to the Postal Union as soon as her contemplated reorganization permits.

The Orange Free State is another adherent, and thus the circle of nations has been completed, the Universal Postal Union being now a fact in place of a figure of speech.

The question of the reciprocal payment of transit charges has been facilitated and the tariff diminished.

A uniform color for postage-stamps has been adopted.

Unpaid postal cards, heretofore subject to a double tax, as upon unpaid letters—that is, *ten* cents—are now taxed *four* cents.

Type-written circulars in quantities of twenty or more may be admitted and taxed as printed circulars.

Samples of merchandise weighing 350 grammes may be admitted, the usual weight hitherto permitted being 250 grammes.

Objects of natural history — animals, dried plants, or preserved geological specimens—are admitted as samples.

The proposition to create a universal postage-stamp was negatively decided, on account of the difficulties arising from the diversity of units of money in the various countries, especially in Great Britain, Germany, and Russia.

Special arrangements were adopted concerning declared values, postal money-orders, books of identity, and newspaper subscriptions.

In the interval of the work, which was being actively pushed forward, and when the energies of the printer were being taxed to the utmost, the Postmaster-General, Mr. Gary, in order to afford the delegates some recreation, invited them to an excursion to Mount Vernon.

The superintendent, Mr. Dodge, received the delegates and the large number of invited guests who attended them, and conducted them to the tomb of Washington, where a superb floral wreath was placed upon the gates of the tomb as a respectful tribute from the Universal Postal Congress.

Subsequently the congress was invited to an excursion, *vid* Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay, to Old Point Comfort. The delegates visited the Gosport Navy-Yard and Newport News, where they inspected the ships of war in process of construction. At Fort Monroe a regimental parade and review of the troops were given in their honor.

The delegates also attended garden parties at the residence of ex-Senator Brice and at Sir Julian Pauncefote's, and a reception tendered by the Honorable Gardiner Hubbard.

The Postmaster-General held in reserve an exceptional treat for the delegates of the Universal Postal Congress—a journey Westward, in order to give them some idea of the grandeur of the country and the vastness of its resources. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company placed at the disposal of the committee of arrangements (consisting of Assistant Postmaster-Generals Heath and Shellen-

"BOB" COOK TAKING OUT TWO OF THE YALE CREW TO COACH THEM ON THE STROKE.

THE CORNELL BOAT-HOUSE, SHOWING ITS FAST LAUNCH AND THREE EIGHTS FILLED WITH CANDIDATES FOR THE 'VARSITY CREW.
[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 646.]

burger, Dr. Davis, and Captain Smith) a special train of nine cars, including sleeping, dining, and observation cars.

The delegates started from the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 9 A.M. of Friday, June 4, and the first stop was made at Pittsburg, whence a side trip was made to Homestead (the Carnegie Steel-Works). Leaving Pittsburg at night, Indianapolis was reached the next morning. Here the delegates were tendered a reception by the city authorities.

From Indianapolis the congress went to St. Louis, and from there made a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi. From St. Louis it went to Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and Boston. From Boston the special returned to Albany, where the congress visited the Capitol. From Albany it proceeded to West Point, where the congress was met by General Carroll, who caused a steamer to be placed at its disposition, on which the trip was made down the river to Jersey City.

The congress then proceeded by its special train *viâ* Atlantic City to Philadelphia, where it was received by the postal authorities at the Post-Office, and by the city authorities at Independence Hall, and later at the Bourse, proceeding thence to the navy-yard and several points of interest on the Delaware. Returning to Philadelphia, they regained their special train, and arrived in Washington at 9.30 P.M. of Saturday, the 12th of June, after a tour of nine days, covering a distance of 3700 miles.

MR. ANDRÉE'S BALLOON VOYAGE.

If all has gone well with Mr. S. A. Andrée, the Swedish engineer and aeronaut, he has now completed the filling of his immense balloon at Danes Island, Northwest Spitzbergen, about seven hundred miles from the north pole, and has either started on his journey over the polar area or is waiting for the south wind, upon which he depends to waft him across the unknown arctic waste. Andrée is not a hare-brained enthusiast, but is a scientific man. His plans have received the respectful attention of scientific men, and this cannot be said of any other person who has evolved a project for a balloon voyage across the polar waste.

Two years ago next August, the present writer sat down with Andrée in London to help him complete his list of Americans who might give him useful information about the caches of food established in various parts of the arctic and subarctic domain. Every one has heard of the laborious care with which Andrée has worked out the minutest details of the preparations for his novel enterprise; and even in the small matter of writing in his note-book the names and addresses given him he showed his painstaking quality. He pronounced each letter as he wrote it, and then asked the American to read the list. "It is so easy to make a mistake," he said, "and a mistake might cost me so much."

It was that week that Andrée spoke the best word that could be said for arctic ballooning, before the most distinguished body of geographers ever gathered together. Theoretically, he held his ground in the face of every criticism of his project, whether based upon meteorological or other scientific considerations. Men who had merely smiled at Andrée's scheme found themselves listening to him with the deepest interest and attention. It was a triumph for the man; for even if he did not convince his opponents of the wisdom of his main idea, he edified them from the stand-point of science itself, and they admired him for his personality and attainments. It is due to the impression he made on that international congress that geographers the world over speak of him and his plans with all respect, and believe he may possibly succeed. How different has been the reception of every other project of the sort—that of Bissanc and Hermite, for instance, who, when they unfolded their scheme before the Paris Aeronautic Society, five years ago, raised a storm of opposition but no money, were advised to desist at once, and were told there was not one chance in a thousand that they could succeed.

His own countrymen have every faith in Andrée, and share his belief that he will float across the polar area. King Oscar, the late Baron Dickson, and the late Dr. Nobel provided most of the money — about $75,000 — which Andrée's equipment and his expeditions of last year and this have cost. Besides this the Swedish government detailed the gunboat *Svenskund*, on which the party embarked from Gothenburg on May 18. The balloon and most of the equipment were forwarded on the steamer *Virgo*, and both of these vessels started for Spitzbergen together from the northern port of Tromsö, and were expected to reach their destination, Danes Island, about May 27.

There, it is hoped, he found intact the balloon-house which he erected last year, and in which he inflated his air-ship, and waited for six weary weeks for the south wind that never came. This balloon-house, to protect the air-ship from the elements while it is inflating, is no novelty, for similar structures have been erected at Aldershot, Versailles, and some other places. Andrée hoped to be ready to start by June 20. It is hardly to be expected that he will have the persistent baffling winds that defeated him last summer; but unless the wished-for southern breeze carries him northward by the early days of August his disappointment will be bitter, for it would be almost certain death to attempt the voyage later in the season, and he will not risk it.

Mr. Nils Strindberg is again with his leader, and the third gentleman booked for the voyage is Mr. Knut Fraenkel, a young civil engineer. Mr. G. W. E. Svedenborg, an artillery officer in the Swedish army, will be one of the voyagers in case either of Andrée's comrades is prevented from making the ascent. Last winter the balloon was taken to Paris and somewhat enlarged, so that its present capacity is 170,000 cubic feet. This was done because the three thicknesses of silk, of which the balloon was made, proved heavier than the estimate, and more gas capacity was desirable.

Mr. Andrée's equipment is the result of years of study and experience in aeronautics, and upon its perfect adequacy he bases his faith in the success of his journey. He believes he has a balloon that will carry three persons, with all necessary instruments for making observations, a boat, provisions, etc., for four months, and ballast, the whole weighing about 7000 pounds. He declares that he can keep his balloon afloat for thirty days, and that under favorable conditions, with a moderate wind, it will not require more than six days to pass across the unknown area from Spitzbergen to Bering Strait—a distance, measured through the north pole, of about 2300 miles; and he thinks he has made his balloon steerable to a certain extent. As the result of his experiments in ballooning he thinks that with his adjustable sail, and guide-ropes allowed to drag on the ice, he can divert the balloon on an average 27° from the direction of the wind. Thus he expects that his air-ship will not drift at the mercy of the winds, but will be, to an important degree, under his control.

As De Long and Nansen have done so much to explore the Asian arctic, Andrée prefers, if he can, to cross the unknown area and emerge on the American side. Speculation as to the fate in store for him is useless. There are critical factors in the problem of arctic ballooning that Andrée can test only on the voyage; and he might drift clear across the polar area and never catch a glimpse of land or sea in that region of mist and fog. But all the world will hope the daring explorer may achieve the success that is merited by his long studies, enthusiasm, and courage.

Cyrus C. Adams.

A NEW FAST LINE OF ATLANTIC STEAMERS.

The movement which has been on foot at Ottawa since 1894 for the establishment of a new line of fast steamers has now taken definite and final shape, and if Messrs. Petersen, Tate, & Co., steamship-owners, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, carry out the contract they have made with the Laurier government, May, 1900, will see four large steamers, each as fast and as well equipped as the best steamers now on the Atlantic, engaged in the new weekly mail and passenger service between Canada and England. The new line will form a government service, and is to be to subsidized by both the Dominion and the imperial governments. It owes its origin to the Colonial Conference held in Ottawa in 1894, when much stress was laid on the importance of a fast all-British route from England to the Orient.

After the Ottawa conference the Dominion Parliament voted a subsidy for the undertaking, and negotiations were opened with the imperial government as to the aid which it would be prepared to grant to the new mail service. These negotiations ended in November, 1895, with an offer of £51,500 as an annual subsidy. The offer was made through Mr. Chamberlain, who, three or four months earlier, had become Secretary of State for the Colonies, and it was explained by him to be in payment for the carriage of British mails, and intended to cover the entire liability of the English government. For the rest, the undertaking was to be a Canadian one, controlled absolutely from Ottawa. Having thus secured a vote from the Canadian Parliament, and an annual grant from the home government, the Tupper government, in the spring of 1896, advertised for bids for the establishment of a new steamship line. Only two were offered. One was from Mr. James Huddart, a London ship-owner, who was the promoter of the recently organized line from Vancouver to the Orient; and the other from the Allan firms of Montreal and Glasgow, who now, and for many years past have owned a large fleet of steamers in the Canadian trade. Both of these bids were for a subsidy of £225,000 a year. In the summer of 1896 the Tupper government was about to close the negotiations with the Allans, when the Colonial Office interfered. The Tupper government had then been defeated at the Canadian general elections, and immediately afterwards was succeeded by the Laurier government. To the new government neither the Huddart nor the Allan bid was satisfactory, and for some months the fast-line scheme hung fire. In the mean time it was strenuously objected in Canada that the Dominion had no need of an expensive fast mail and passenger service; that it could not afford a luxurious Atlantic line; and that what it really needed was a cheaper freight service. These considerations were brought to the attention of the home government, and drew from Mr. Chamberlain the statement that the British government subsidy would not be paid in respect of any other than a fast first-class mail and passenger service.

Matters stood thus in March last, when, quite unexpectedly, Messrs. Petersen, Tate, & Co., a comparatively unknown firm in the ocean passenger trade, appeared at Ottawa, and lodged a proposal with the government to give a fast mail service for a subsidy of £154,500, less by £60,000 than the former bids. The offer was accepted by the Canadian government, which will pay two-thirds of the annual subsidy. The contract is to last for ten years; and in return for the joint subsidy the Newcastle shipping company undertakes to build and equip four steamers of not less than 520 feet in length, with a draught of water not exceeding 25½ feet. When fully equipped and ready for sea, these ships are to be of not less than 10,000 gross register. They are to carry from 1500 to 2000 tons of cargo. Space for at least 500 tons of cargo is to be fitted with cold storage, to form part of an already well-developed government scheme, embracing nearly a score of Atlantic steamers, for carrying Canadian produce in the best condition to the English markets. The contract stipulates that each of the new liners shall be in all respects equal to the best Atlantic steamers now afloat, the *Campania* and *Lucania* being named as examples. Each is to have accommodation for 300 first-class passengers, 200 second-class, and 800 steerage. The vessels, as is usual with British steamers receiving mail subsidies, are to be built under the supervision of the Admiralty, and the Admiralty is to have a call on them whenever needed as auxiliary cruisers. The steamers are to have a speed of 21 knots, and are to make an average speed of 500 knots in twenty-four hours when crossing the Atlantic. Bonds to the amount of £20,000 have been entered into by the contractors to have two steamers ready to begin a fortnightly service in May, 1899; and the other two in May, 1900, when the weekly service will commence.

In summer the Canadian ports are to be Quebec and Montreal; in winter St. John or Halifax, at the option of the steamship-owners. The expectation, in connection with the line at Ottawa, is that not only will it secure a large part of the passenger trade to the Orient, which now goes from London and Southampton, but that it will cut into the transatlantic passenger trade of New York and Boston. It has been urged ever since the idea was first mooted that Montreal is as convenient a port for a large part of the United States as New York, and that with a fast and luxurious line of steamers it will inevitably become a rival to New York as a transatlantic passenger port.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The business affairs of the Metropolitan Opera-House lately have reminded us a good deal of some sort of an algebraic problem—one with much plussing and minussing and a fine sense of formula back of it. The third, and, for the present, the last, equation, following with suitable accuracy the two heretofore noted in this column, has been worked out. With the annual election of the directorial board of the Metropolitan Opera-House and Real Estate Company (a board remaining, as before, under the presidency of Mr. George G. Haven), and the acceptance by that board of the proposal from the Maurice Grau Opera Company to lease the Opera-House for three years from June, 1897, with certain privileges that will assist it in undertaking official seasons of opera, the complications may be taken as comfortably settled. This is, of course, a solution that is simple and acceptable under circumstances that have tangled up the matter. Such circumstances will continue to enter, more or less, into our local operatic situation for time indefinite. Whether Mr. Grau will get together an opera-company for his Opera-House before 1898 is not yet absolutely determined. Mr. Damrosch, however, has returned from the Continent, is forming a strong troupe (not merely for opera in German, much less only for Wagner), and is negotiating a lease of the Metropolitan for several winter weeks.

The omission of the Brighton Beach concerts—largely owing to the sea's very nearly complete omission of the original pavilion—is a good deal mourned in Brooklyn and New York during these summer evenings. Not even the vigorous operatic work of the "Castle Square Opera Company" from Boston can console the Heights and the Hill, not to speak of regions on this side of the Bridge. But to say the truth, we behave not well nor wisely if we do not find Mr. Neundorff's or somebody else's charge of Mr. Seidl's capital little orchestra, and the choice of Madison Square quarters for it, a fair compensation. People are sentimental, consciously and unconsciously, in much, and in no art more than in music. There are persons who will not accept unlamenting the change that prevents a suppression of a delicate passage from Gillet by the Coney Island surf-beats; and others who mourn the brave rivalry that the locomotive whistles used to make against the "Ride of Walkyrs." "It was so delightful, those concerts down there by the sea," such faithful ones sigh. So it was; yes, indeed!—at least the sea was generally delightful, and the concerts frequently so. But that was most the case if the two things were enjoyed separately. The sea and that sonorous concert-hall — a hall like a cave of the winds, a switch-box, and a bath-house more than like a quiet music-temple—never represented an artistic and rational combination, however summer excursions made them dear. It is to be hoped that the blending will not be undertaken again.

A good deal of mystery involves the recent appearances, by no means successful—in fact, surprisingly unsuccessful — of Madame Nordica at the Opéra in Paris. She sang once or twice before large houses as Elsa. There is no reason to dispute those persons competent to judge of the performances who declare that never did Madame Nordica better sing in her favorite Wagnerian rôle, nor act it with more charming sentiment. But she excited no critical enthusiasm. The journals who ought to discern, and who generally do discern, clearly what is a superior voice and superior art, were glacial. The press was snubbish all over the town. Some decent, civil things were written with rather a fine air of carelessness and of a routine notice. The engagement was abruptly ended, too. And yet—and yet Madame Nordica is one of the singers, American singers especially, on whose operatic successes in Paris, if justly considered, we might count most firmly. One might doubt if even cliques and jealousies and the inevitable course of stage intrigue could bring her to shipwreck. It is not likely, however, that, whatever annoyance our *compatriote* has experienced on this occasion, she is daunted, or is lacking a reason for her present discomfiture on which to plan to retrieve her failure.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

TO THE RESCUE.

"Don't be nervous; there'd be fifty jackies over the side after the youngster before he'd have time to strike the water." So said a naval officer once in my hearing to the anxious mother of two little chaps who, visiting one of our men-o'-war in the harbor, had gone for'ard among the crew in company with half a score of kindly big-hearted bluejackets. And what he said — allowing for some sailorlike picturesqueness of language—was largely true, for when did one ever hear of man-o'-war's man — at least of those that speak English — failing to take any risk, short of absolute impossibilities, to save life, or to go to the rescue of those in peril and distress on the "mighty deep." I think it is in one of Clark Russell's stories that the hero, storm-tossed on sinking wreck, breathes forth a prayer that the sail he has just sighted may fly English or American colors, confident of rescue at all hazards at sturdy Saxon hands. On the *Trenton*, dragging, with colors flying, slowly to destruction on the wind-torn waters of Samoa Bay, generous hearts yet found means of rescuing comrades from the masts of the already submerged *Vandalia*. Only the other day the telegraph flashed from far-off China curt news of the foundering of a steamship with its load of passengers, and the prompt response of the crews of our war-ships near by to the cry for help. Over and over again the heroic story has been told, and it will be told again and again as long as men "go down to the sea in ships."

R. F. Zogbaum.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The suicide of Barney Barnato, the eminent speculator, who threw himself overboard from the steamer *Scot* while on the way from Cape Town to Southampton, seems clearly enough to have been the result of a mental aberration brought on either by an attack of fever or by too great and prolonged a mental strain. It seems a pity that Barnato did not leave behind him an accurate autobiography, though probably it would not have seemed expedient to him to write down the truthful record of his origin and surprising adventures. The story of his life and financial successes, as the newspapers tell it, outdoes anything in fiction, *Monte Cristo* not excepted, and is very hard to match even in history. He got his start by trading in diamonds, but became rich as a result of his chance discovery of diamonds in the stratum of blue clay underlying the South African diamond-mines. That lucky find is reported to have been worth ten million dollars to him. With that amount of capital in hand he turned his attention to the South African gold-mines. His success in that field was presently followed by the extraordinary display of "financiering," so called, which led up to the establishment of the Barnato Bank in London, and such a fury of investment of idle European capital in South African mining stocks as made the eyes of American newspaper readers nearly pop out of their heads with astonishment. With the ocean between this country and the "Kaffir circus," the Americans were able to keep their heads and to appreciate the immensity of the infatuation which seemed to possess the investors of London, and later of Paris and Berlin. It was perfectly understood in New York that the collapse of South African shares was inevitable, and when it came there was no surprise. Millions of British sovereigns changed hands over it, but the disposition of American dollars was very little affected. Socially Barnato went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. At the time when his fortune was estimated in London at £100,000,000, and he was reputed to have the golden touch, he enjoyed the consideration which such circumstances induce. As his bubble shrunk he lost caste, though inasmuch as he never was reduced to anything approaching poverty he was never entirely bereft of admirers. Both in London and South Africa, however, his social aspirations were blighted, and though to the end he had abundance of money, it seems doubtful whether he could ever again have had much high-class fun with it, even if his health had stood the strain to which his schemes and the vibrations of fortune subjected it.

It is believed that he was of Jewish parentage, and that his real name was Isaacs. His wife, whom he is said to have married when she was a barmaid, survives him, with several children. How great a fortune he left we shall doubtless learn after a while. His great house in Piccadilly stands as a monument to something, but just what—whether business acumen, or luck, or the folly of investors—is matter for further consideration. The fact of the moment is that Fortunatus is dead—overwhelmed, it would seem, by the consequences of his own "success." Homilies are now in order on what constitutes real success, and on the comparative values of money and character.

Mere money-making seems not to have satisfied Barney Barnato. He wanted to have the fun of spending money too, and to enjoy everything that it would buy. His taste in this particular is in vivid contrast to that of the late Mr. Joseph Richardson, of New York, who died June 8, leaving a fortune estimated at thirty millions. He was about eighty-three years old, and his long life had apparently been passed very much to his satisfaction. He was a contractor of great energy and diligence, and laid the foundations of his fortune in that calling. He was a millionaire when the civil war began, and as long as he lived he kept on earning more money, and investing his gains with excellent judgment. He built water-works, railroads, and many great buildings, and was very proud of some of his professional exploits; but the work for which he was most famous was the erection of a four-story house on a five-foot strip of land at the northwest corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-second Street. He happened to own that little strip of land. A man who had planned to build a block adjoining it offered him $1000 for his holding. He wanted $5000, and failing to get it, concluded to build himself a house, which he did very ingeniously, and lived in it for fifteen years. He had a summer place at Bridgeport, Connecticut, but the five-foot house was his home for half the year.

Mr. Richardson's ideas were somewhat peculiar, and recall those of the late Mr. Fayerweather, who left so much money to colleges; but we cannot deny him the measure of respect which is due to a man who lives out his life according to his own preferences instead of patterning after some one else. He liked to make money, and he made a great deal; he liked to save money, and he saved nearly all he made; he did not enjoy spending money, so he spent little. It is not recorded of him that he ever incurred the censure of the clergy by giving expensive entertainments in hard times. A good many well-known gentlemen of exceptional solvency attended his funeral. By his will he left $50,000 to a clergyman, $17,500 to the Central Park Baptist church, and the rest of his fortune to his wife and two children.

Mr. Cleveland, since he was restored to his rights and privileges as a private citizen, seems to have given himself over to Princeton University. Whatever the tie is, whether a mere tie of locality or something deeper based on Presbyterian convictions, it has been admitted and is of record. It was told the other day in the newspapers that on June 2, when Princeton beat Harvard at baseball, the jubilant Princetonians proceeded, in the course of the evening, to Mr. Cleveland's house and called him out. He congratulated them, proposed a cheer for Princeton, and said, "I have the Princeton spirit, and my interest is always in behalf of Princeton."

In view of this declaration of fidelity, it is not surprising that at the Princeton alumni meeting, on June 15, Mr. Cleveland was unanimously chosen an associate alumnus, and that on the following day the university conferred on him its degree of LL.D. While he was President he declined all honorary degrees from colleges, but now that he has returned to private life he no longer has scruples. Persons who affect to fear that Mr. Cleveland wants to be President again are invited to find evidence in his acceptance of academic honors of his conviction that he is out of office for good.

The Columbia College chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa has chosen Mr. Cleveland to be its orator next year, but it has not been announced as yet that he has accepted the commission.

Among the other distinguished gentlemen who shared in the honors distributed by Princeton last week were Mr. Laurence Hutton, who is now a Master of Arts, and Mr. Augustus St.-Gaudens, who received the degree of Master of Sculpture.

Mr. Henry N. Russell, of the graduating class, took his A.B. degree *insigni cum laude*—a feat indicating extraordinary proficiency in scholarship. A. B. degrees *magna cum laude* are not uncommon, but the degree *insigni cum laude* has never been conferred before at Princeton.

Six months ago the trustees of the estate of Alfred Corning Clark offered to the Park Commissioners, for the adornment of Central Park, George Gray Barnard's colossal figure of Pan, together with the fountain which goes with it. The commissioners, after careful consideration, have come to a conclusion, at which Superintendent Parsons seems to have previously arrived, that they cannot find in Central Park "a position of sufficient dignity and suitability for such a work of art where it would at the same time harmonize with the characteristic scenery of that park." A situation being thus opened for discussion, it is being discussed. The statue has been approved by the National Sculpture Society as a meritorious work of art, and a group by the same sculptor which was lately presented by the Clark estate to the Metropolitan Museum has been accepted. The Park Commissioners seem to be suspected in some quarters of rejecting the Pan for some reason other than the one given, and it has even been suggested that they object to it because of its lack of clothing. That, however, seems an unwarranted insinuation. The Park Board has charge of other parks besides Central Park, and it may be that the commissioners think that Pan would feel more at home on the Bronx River or in some of the wilder parks of the annexed district.

Lady Mildred Marion Jessup, wife of Mr. Alfred E. Jessup, of Philadelphia, who died in France on June 9, was one of the few English women of rank who have married Americans. It is common for American women to marry Englishmen of title, but the reverse is rare. Mr. Jessup's wife was the daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.

Up to midnight on June 14 Uncle Sam had an immigration station on Ellis Island, where immigrants were received and inspected, and where those whom our laws do not permit to remain here were detained for deportation. Early in the morning of June 15 fire broke out and burned all the buildings on the island, except the house of the resident physician and the engine-house, both of which were damaged. About 250 persons, including 35 employees, were on the island at the time (an unusually small number), all of whom got off in safety. That no lives were lost is exceedingly fortunate, as well as creditable to the officials in charge. Ellis Island sometimes harbors as many as 2000 persons, and it was great good luck that its population happened to be so small when the fire occurred. The loss is estimated at about a million dollars. Parts of the older buildings on the island, which were of brick or stone, remain, but the newer structures put up since 1890 and in use since 1892, when the bureau was removed from Castle Garden, were of wood, and are gone. Uncle Sam will have to replace them, and will doubtless build this time of more lasting materials. The records of the Immigration Bureau, including State records since 1840, were kept on the island, and a large part of them were burned up.

It was a happy thought of Commissioner Waring, at the opening of the Mulberry Bend Park on June 15, to call for cheers for Jacob A. Riis. When he said that to Mr. Riis was due the chief credit for getting the park, he said what those who know best about it are agreed in believing. The East Side has many zealous and faithful friends, but none more devoted, more persistent, better informed, or more helpful than Mr. Riis. Most others go and come. He stays.

One of the young men who recently withdrew from Harvard College at the request of their fellow-students, because it was discovered that they had daubed red paint on the John Harvard statue, has published an open apology for his misdeed, and signed his name to it. He says in effect that he prefers that his share in the mischief should be known, as he "cannot face the position of sneaking through college life with such a concealment." His sentiment about the matter is certainly manly and does him credit. His punishment has not been wasted on him. It is to be hoped that future Freshmen and special students may profit by it, but there comes the pinch, since to devise any influence that shall be operative with new Freshmen is naturally very difficult. After a lad has been in college for a while he learns what the sentiment of the place is, and learns to respect it, but to keep him from doing calamitously foolish things before he learns better is one of the hard problems of college discipline.

Upon the invitation of the rector and faculty of St. Paul's School, at Concord, New Hampshire, Mr. Stephen Bonsal, the well-known newspaper correspondent who lately shared some of his knowledge about Cuba and Cuban concerns with the readers of the Weekly, delivered the alumnus address at St. Paul's at the closing of the school on the 21st instant. Mr. Bonsal is a graduate of St. Paul's, and the authorities of the school evidently take pride in his active and successful career as a writer. Very few Americans of his years are so well and, in most quarters, so favorably known as he, or have won equal distinction in any calling.

It does not appear that the authorities at West Point have recovered any of their stolen cannon, but they seem to have caught the thieves and checked the tendency of the neighbors to loot the parade-ground. The Mexican gun, the one most regretted, was broken up and is a total loss. Some of the others may yet be traced.

The system of education at the Point seems not more satisfactory to plebes this year than usual. On June 15 two candidates for admission resigned and went home without waiting for examination, because of their dissatisfaction with the usage they received. They seemed to think they had been improperly treated, but the better opinion seems to be that they had no legitimate grounds for complaint. This is the open season for hazing stories from West Point, and newspaper-readers should expect them.

The Yale class of '96 has the courage of its convictions—in truth, probably somewhat more courage than convictions—and will plant another slip of ivy from the grave of General Lee on the sacred soil of Yale. Perhaps some wrong-headed patriot may pull it up, but let us hope not. It signifies nothing but courtesy. Let it grow in peace.

Giuseppe Moretti's statue of Commodore Vanderbilt, which is on exhibition at the Tennessee Exposition in Nashville, is commended as a fine likeness and an excellent work of art. It is of bronze, nine feet eight inches high, and is to stand on the campus of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, where it is to be formally unveiled next fall.

The Commodore was a fine figure of a man, and his effigy is well suited to impart distinction to the premises of an institution of learning. There is a bronze likeness of him in New York which is notable in its way, though fitter to inspire gayety than veneration. He is the central figure in the remarkable bronze casting that adorns the front of the Central-Hudson freight-depot on Hudson Street. Standing, clad in a fur-trimmed overcoat, with railroad trains running into him on one side, and all manner of marine craft bearing down on him on the other, he preserves an unruffled mien in circumstances of extreme confusion and obvious peril. Neptune supports him on his left and Columbia on his right, and he needs the backing of both of them and all his personal fortitude besides. At Nashville, happily, he will have the advantage of calmer surroundings.

General Collis's scheme, so generally disapproved, for turning the lower end of Central Park into a parade-ground, suggests an improvement that might be made in Fifty-ninth Street. The Sixth Avenue elevated railroad ought to stop short at the house-line on that street. At present the end of it, crowned with a shanty, extends into Fifty-ninth Street, beyond the sidewalk-line, and makes an unsightly blot on the appearance of a street that is handsome already and is likely to be handsomer. Thirty feet or so could be amputated from the stump of the Sixth Avenue road without any appreciable impairment of its efficiency, and without detriment to the convenience of the public.

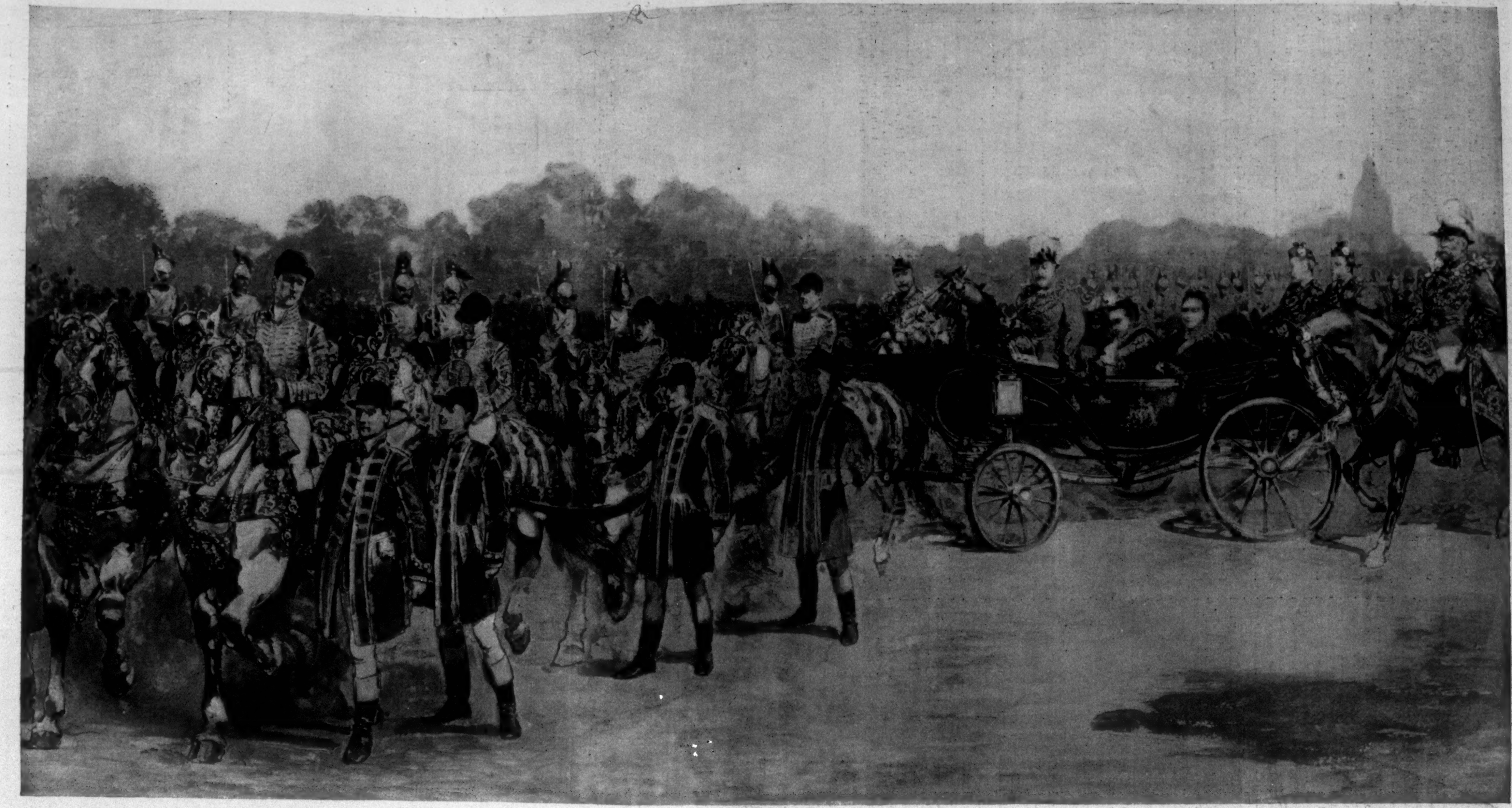
The Pekin (Illinois) *Times* notes that James Haines, Sr., of that town has a complete set of Harper's Magazine from its first issue in 1850. "He sent in his subscription," says the *Times*, "as soon as the Magazine started, and never let it lapse. He carefully preserved each number, and at the end of the year had them bound. It is not likely that there is another similar unbroken set in this part of the country, and it is considered very valuable."

Complete sets of Harper's Magazine may not be very rare, but sets similar to that of Mr. Haines's—gathered, that is, by actual subscribers, whose subscriptions began with the first number and have never lapsed—are undoubtedly scarce, and those that exist must be highly valued by their owners. The example of Mr. Haines in continuing for forty-seven years to be a subscriber to Harper's Magazine is admirable in all particulars, and worthy of general imitation.

Pope Leo is credited with a recent Latin poem in which he praises frugality and points out the evils of over-feeding. His idea of frugality is attractive. He calls for a well-appointed table, with spotless linen and bright glass. For a drink he recommends the pure wine of the Albanian Hills, diluted with water, and sparingly used. The food that is to his taste is bread, chicken, lamb, and beef without sauces, fresh eggs, fresh vegetables, ripe fruits, especially apples, and sweet herbs. Abundance of milk, he says, is useful to infancy and old age, and he commends a sparing use of honey. Evidently the good old Pope, like most people who work their brains and have regard for their insides, likes simple foods, of the best quality, and well prepared. Evidently, also, he finds pleasure in eating and drinking. The fact that wine "exhilarates the spirits and keeps away trouble" does not prejudice him against it, though he admits that it is treacherous, and should be used with discretion. He thinks it a merit in black Mocha coffee that it "comforts the heart." He does not stickle for abstention from things that are wholesome merely because they are pleasant, but simply counsels moderation in their use. The sort of feeding which he condemns includes highly spiced venison, pâté de foie gras, and rich, heavy, artificial foods of that sort, which he considers conducive to strife, contention, and bodily disorders. Since he says nothing about tobacco, it may be inferred that he does not smoke. Inasmuch as he is eighty-six years old, and is credited with excellent health and a remarkable capacity for work, there would seem ample reason to respect his notions of diet as the fruits of a ripe and successful experience.

The energy of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is as notable, now that he is helper to Secretary Long, as it was when he was president of the New York Police Board. He is in more places at once, finds out more, says more, and probably does more work, than any man connected with the administration. He made an eloquent speech on June 2 before the Naval College at Newport in favor of building more ships wherewith to keep the peace. Two questions always present themselves to inert office-thinkers in connection with Mr. Roosevelt. One is, What would we do without him? The other, What are we going to do with him? Beyond any other American living, he gives the American people the sensations enjoyed by a man who has swallowed a humming-bird. He is a good and able man, but it cannot be denied that his countenance is prejudicial (healthfully so, no doubt) to the national repose.

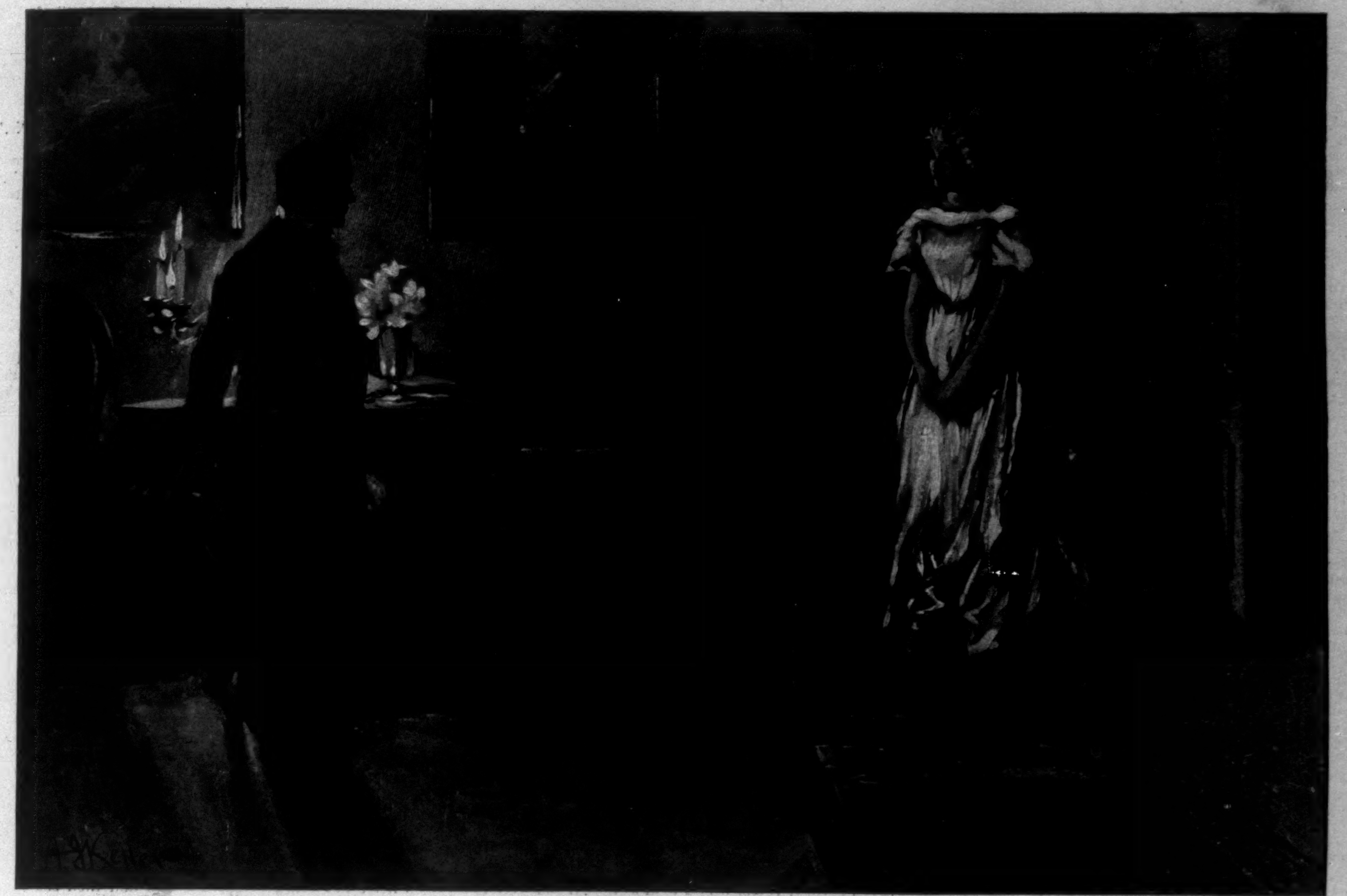
E. S. Martin.



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen and her Escort.—[See Article by Henry James, Page 639.]

This drawing was made from material furnished to the artist by direction of the Queen.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE next day Jerome went again to Lawyer Means's. It was near noon when he returned; he met many people on the road, and they all looked at him strangely. Men stood in knots, and the hum of their conversation died low when he drew near. They nodded to him with curious respect and formality; after he had passed, the rumble of voices began anew. One woman, whom he met just before he turned the corner of his own road, stopped and held out a slender, trembling hand.

"I want to shake hands with you, J'rome," she said, in a sweet, hysterical voice. Then she raised to his a worn face, with the piteous downward lines of old tears at mouth and eyes, and a rasped red, as of tears and frost, on thin cheeks. "That money is goin' to save my little home for me; I didn't know but I'd got to go on the town. God bless you, J'rome!" she whispered, quaveringly.

"The Colonel's the one to be thanked," Jerome said.

"I come under that agreement, don't I?" she asked, anxiously. "They told me that lone women without anybody to support 'em came under it."

"Yes, you do, Miss Patch."

"Oh, God bless you, God bless you, J'rome Edwards!" she cried, with a fervor strange upon a New England tongue.

"Colonel Lamson is the one to have the thanks and the credit," Jerome repeated, pushing gently past her. His face was hot. He wondered, as he approached his house, if his own family had heard the news. As soon as he opened the door he saw that they had. Elmira did not lift a white, dumbly accusing face from her work; his father looked at him with curious, open-mouthed wonder; his mother spoke.

"I want to know if it's true," she said.

"Yes, mother, it is."

"You've given it all away?"

"Yes, mother."

"Your own folks won't get none of it?"

Jerome shook his head. He had a feeling as if he were denying his own flesh and blood; for the moment even his own conscience turned upon him, and accused him of injustice and lack of filial love and gratitude.

Ann Edwards looked at her son with a face of pale recrimination and awe. She opened her mouth to speak, then closed it without a word. "I never had a black silk dress in my life," said she, finally, in a shaking voice, and that was all the reproach which she ever offered.

"You shall have a black silk dress anyhow, mother," Jerome replied, piteously. He went out of the room, and his father got up and followed him, closing the door mysteriously.

"That was a good deal to give away, J'rome," he whispered.

"I know it, father, and I'll work my fingers to the bone to make it good to you and mother. That's all I've got to live for now."

"J'rome," whispered the father, thrusting his old face into his son's, with an angelic expression.

"What is it, father?"

"*You shall have my fifteen hundred, an' build a new mill.*"

"Father, I'd *die* before I'd touch a dollar of your money!" cried Jerome, passionately, and, tears in his eyes, flung away out to the barn, whither he was bound, to feed the horse.

He watched all day for a chance to speak alone to Elmira, but she gave him none until after supper that night. Then, when he beckoned her into the parlor, she followed him.

"Elmira," he said, "don't feel any worse about this than you can help. I had to do it."

"If you care more about strangers than you do about your own, that is all there is to it," she said, in a quiet voice, looking coldly in his face.

"Elmira, it isn't that. You don't understand."

"I have said all I have to say."

"Let me tell you—"

"I have heard all I want to."

"Elmira, don't give up so. Maybe things will be brighter somehow. I had to do my duty."

"It is a noble thing to do your duty," she said, with a bitter smile on her little face. Elmira, that night, seemed like a stranger to Jerome, and maybe to herself. Despair had upstirred from the depths of her nature strange, tigerish instincts, which otherwise might have slept there unmanifest forever. She also had not failed to appreciate Jerome's action in all its bearings upon herself and Lawrence Prescott, and, when she heard of it, had given up all her longing hope of happiness.

"You have to do it, whether it is noble or not," returned Jerome.

"Of course," said she; "and if your sister is in the way of it, trample her down; don't stop for that." She went out, but turned back, and added, harshly: "I saw Jake Noyes this afternoon on my way home. He was coming here to ask you to go up to Doctor Prescott's this evening; he wants to see you. If he says anything about me, you can tell him that as long as he and you do your duty I am satisfied. I ask nothing more, not even his precious son." Elmira rushed across the entry, with a dry sob. Jerome stood still a moment; it seemed to him that he had undertaken more than he could bear. A dreadful thought came to him; suppose Lucina were to look upon him as his sister did. Suppose she were to take it all in the same way. It did not seem as if she could, but she was a woman, like his sister, and how could he tell?

Jerome got his hat and went to Doctor Prescott's. He wondered why he had been summoned there, and braced himself for almost anything in the way of contumely, but with no dread of it. The prospect of legitimate combat, where he could hit back, acted like a stimulant after his experience with his sister.

Lawrence Prescott answered his knock, and Jerome wondered, vaguely, at his radiant welcome. He shook his hand with warm emphasis. "Father is in the study," he said; "walk right in—walk right in, Jerome." Then he added, speaking close to Jerome's ear, "God bless you, old fellow!"

Jerome gave an astonished glance at him as he went into the study, whose door stood open. Doctor Prescott was seated at his desk, his back towards the entrance.

"Good-evening. Sit down," he said, curtly, without turning his head.

"Good-evening, sir," replied Jerome, but remained standing. He stood still, and stared, with that curious retrospection into which the mind can often be diverted from even its intensest channels, at the cases of leather-bound books and the grimy medicine-bottles, green and brown with the sediments of old doses, which had so impressed him in his childhood. He saw, with an acute throb of memory, the old valerian-bottle, catching the light like liquid ruby. He had stepped back so completely into his past, of a little, pitiful suppliant, yet never wholly intimidated boy, in this gloomy, pungent interior, that he started, as across a chasm of time, when the doctor arose, came forward, and spoke again. "Be seated," he said, with an imperious wave towards a chair, and took one for himself.

Jerome sat down; in spite of himself, as he looked at the doctor opposite, the same old indignant, yet none the less vital, sense of subjection in the presence of superiority was over him as in his childhood. He saw again Doctor Seth Prescott as the incarnation of force and power. There was, in truth, something majestic about the man—he was an autocrat in a narrow sphere; but his autocracy was genuine. The czar of a little New England village may be as real in quality as the Czar of all the Russias.

The doctor began to speak, moving his finely cut lips with clear precision.

"I understand," said he, "that you have fulfilled the promise which you made in my presence several years ago, to give away twenty-five thousand dollars, should such a sum be given to you. Am I right in so understanding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know that the instrument drawn up by Lawyer Means at that time is illegal, that no obligation stated therein could be enforced?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who told you—Mr. Means?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before you gave the money or after?"

"Before."

"You know that I am not under the slightest legal restriction to give the sum for which I stand pledged in that instrument, even though you have fulfilled your part of the agreement?"

"It depends upon what you consider a legal restriction."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I make no promise which is not a legal restriction upon myself," replied Jerome, with a proud look at the other man.

"Neither do I," returned the doctor, with a look as proud; "but your remark is simply a quibble, which we will pass over. I say again that I am under no legal restriction, in the common acceptance of that term, to give a fourth part of my property to the poor of this town. That you admit?"

Jerome nodded.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "knowing that fact myself, having it admitted by you and all others, I have yet determined to abide by my part of that instrument, and relinquish one-fourth part of the property of which I stand possessed."

Jerome started; he could scarcely believe his ears.

"But," the doctor continued, "since I am in no wise bound by the terms of the instrument, as drawn up by Lawyer Means, I propose to alter some of them, as I deem judicious for the public welfare. One-fourth of my property, which consists largely of real estate, cannot manifestly be given in ready money without great delay and loss. Therefore I propose giving to a large extent in land, and in a few cases liquidations of mortgage deeds; and—I also propose giving in such proportions and to such individuals as I shall approve and select; a strictly indiscriminate division is directly opposed to my views. I trust that you do not consider that this method is to be objected to on the grounds of any infringement upon my legal restrictions."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"No, sir, I don't," replied Jerome.

"There is one other point; then I have done," said Doctor Prescott. "I have withdrawn my objection to my son's marriage with your sister. That is all. I have said and heard all I wish, and I will not detain you any longer." Doctor Prescott looked at him with a pale and forbidding majesty in his clear-cut face. Jerome arose, and was passing out without a word, as he was bidden, when the old man held out his hand. He had the air of extending a sceptre, and a haughty downward look, as if the whole world and his own self were under his feet. Jerome shook the proffered hand and went. His hand was on the latch of the outer door, when the sitting-room door on the left opened, and he felt himself enveloped, as it were, in a softly gracious feminine presence, made evident by wide rustlings of silken skirts, pointed foldings of lavender-scented white wool over outstretched arms, and heaving waves of white lace over a high curving bosom. Doctor Prescott's wife drew Jerome to her as if he were still a child, and kissed him on his cheek. "Give your sister my fondest love, and may God give you your reward, dear boy!" she said, in her beautiful voice, which was like no other woman's for sweetness and softness, though she was as large as a queen.

Then she was gone, and Jerome went home, with the scent of lavender from her laces and silks and white wools still in his nostrils, and a subtler sweetness of womanhood and fine motherhood dimly perceived in his soul.

When he got home he knew by the light in the parlor windows that Lawrence was with his sister. He had been in bed some time before he heard the front door shut.

Elmira, when she came up stairs, opened his door a crack, and whispered, in a voice tremulous with happiness, "Jerome, you asleep?"

"No."

"Do—you know—about Lawrence and me?"

"Yes; I'm real glad, Elmira."

"I hope you'll forgive me for speaking to you the way I did, Jerome."

"That's all right, Elmira."

CHAPTER XL.

THE next morning Jerome was just going out of the yard, when he met Paulina Maria Judd and Henry coming in. Paulina Maria held her blind son by the hand, but he walked with an air of resisting her guidance.

"J'rome, I've come to see you about that money," said Paulina Maria. "I hear you're goin' to give us two hundred and fifty dollars. I told you once we wouldn't take your money."

"This is different. This is the money Colonel Lamson left me, that I'd agreed to give away."

"It ain't any different to us. You can keep it."

"I sha'n't keep it, anyway. For God's sake, aunt, take it! Henry, take it, and get your eyes cured!"

"I sha'n't take money that's given in any such way, and neither will my son. I haven't changed my mind about what I said the other night, and neither has he. You need this money yourself. If the money had been left to us, it would have been different; we sha'n't take it, and you needn't offer it to us; you can count us out in your division. We sha'n't take what Doctor Prescott has offered, neither—to give us the mortgage on our house. It's an honest debt, and we don't want to shirk it. If we're paupers, we'll be paupers of God, but of no man!"

"Henry," pleaded Jerome, "just listen to me." But it was of no avail. His cousin turned his blind face sternly away from his pleading voice, and went out of the yard, still seeming to strive against his mother's leading hand.

Jerome followed them, still arguing with them; he even walked with them a little after the turn of the road. Then he gave it up, and went on to the store, where he had an errand. He resolved to see Adoniram, and try to influence him to take the money for his blind son. He could not believe that he would not do so. Long before he reached the store he could hear the gabble of excited voices and loud peals of rough laughter. "What's going on?" he thought. When he entered, he saw Simon Bassett backed up against a counter, at bay, as it were, before a great throng of village men and boys. Bassett was deathly white through his grime and beard-stubble, his jaws snapping like a wolf's, his eyes fierce with terror.

"Shell out, Simon," shouted a young man, with a butting motion of a shock head towards the old man. "Shell out, I tell ye, or ye'll have a writ served on ye."

"I tell ye I won't! Ye don't know nothin' about it. I 'ain't got no property!" shrieked Simon Bassett, amidst a wild burst of laughter.

"He 'ain't got no property, he 'ain't! Hi!" shouted the boys on the outskirts, with peals of goblin merriment.

"I tell ye I 'ain't got more'n five thousand dollars to my name!"

"You 'ain't, eh? Where's all your land, you old liar?" asked the young man, who seemed spokesman for the crowd.

"It ain't wuth nothin'. I couldn't sell it to-day if I wanted to."

"Gimme the land, then, an' we'll take the risk," was the cry. "J'rome and the doctor have shelled out; now it's your turn, or you'll hev the officers after ye."

Jerome pushed his way through the crowd. "What are you scaring him for?" he demanded. "He's an old man, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"He ain't more'n seventy," replied the young man, "an' he's smart as a cricket; he's smart enough to gouge the old town, old 's he is."

"That's so, Eph!" chorused his supporters.

Jerome grasped Bassett by the shoulder. "Don't you know you are not obliged to give a dollar, if you don't want to?" he asked. "That paper wasn't legal."

The old man shrank before him with craven terror, and yet with the look of a dog which will snap when he sees an unwary hand. "Ye don't git me into none of yer traps," he snarled. "What made Doctor Prescott give anything?"

"He gave because he wanted to keep his promise, not because he was forced to by that paper."

"Likely story!" said Simon Bassett.

"I tell you it's so."

"Likely story Seth Prescott ever give it if he wa'n't obliged to. Ye can't trap me."

"Go and ask him, if you don't believe me," said Jerome.

"Ye don't trap me; I'm too old."

"Go and ask Lawyer Means, then."

"I guess when ye git me into that pesky lawyer's clutches ye'll know it! Ye can't trap me. I guess I know more about law than ye do, ye damned little upstart ye! Why couldn't ye have kept your dead man's shoes to home, darn ye? Ye'll come on the town yerself yet; ye won't have money enough to pay fer your buryin', an' I hope to God ye won't! Curse ye! I'll live to see ye in your pauper's grave yet, old 's I be. Ye *thief!* I tell ye I 'ain't got no money. I 'ain't got more'n five thousand dollars, countin' everythin' in the world, an' I'll see ye all damned to hell afore I'll give ye a dollar. Let me out, will ye?" Simon Bassett made a clawing, catlike rush through the crowd to the door.

"I tell you, Simon Bassett, you haven't got to give a dollar," shouted Jerome; but he might as well have shouted to the wind.

"No use, J'rome," chuckled the shock-headed young man; "he's gone plumb crazy over it. You can't make him listen to nothin'."

"What do you mean, badgering him so?" cried Jerome, angrily.

"He's a mean old cuss, anyhow," said the young man, with a defiant laugh.

"That's so! Serves him right," grunted the others. They were all much younger than Jerome, and many of them were mere boys. It seemed strange that a man as sharp as Bassett had taken them seriously.

Jerome, the more he thought it over, was convinced that Simon Bassett was half crazed with the fear of parting with his money. When he came out of the store he hesitated; he was half inclined to follow Bassett home, and try to reason him into some understanding of the truth. Then, remembering his violent attitude towards himself, he decided that it would be useless, and went home. He planned to plough his garden that day.

"I've got to work at something," Jerome told himself; "if it isn't one thing, it's got to be another." He dwelt always upon Lucina—what she was thinking of him; if she thought that he did not love her, because he had given her up; if she would look at him, if she were to see him, as his sister had done the night before. Jerome had not yet answered Lucina's letter. He did not know how to answer it; but he carried it with him night and day.

He went home, got his horse and plough, and fell to work in his hilly garden ground. His father came out and sat on a stone and watched him happily. Jerome was scarcely accustomed to his father yet, but he treated him as tenderly as if he were a child, and the old man followed him like one. Indeed, he seemed to prefer his son to his wife, though Ann watched him with jealous affection. Ann Edwards had never walked since the night of her husband's return. She never alluded to it; sometimes her children thought that she had not known it herself.

Jerome was still ploughing in the afternoon, when his uncle Ozias Lamb came.

Ozias stumped softly through the new-turned mould. He had a folded paper in his hand, and he extended it towards Jerome. "D'ye know anything about this?" he asked. His face was ashy.

Jerome brought his horse to a stand. "What is it?"

"Don't ye know?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, it's that mortgage deed that Bassett held on my place, with—the signature torn off, cancelled," Ozias said, in a hoarse voice. "D'ye know anything about it now?"

"No, I don't," replied Jerome, with emphasis.

"Well," said Ozias, "I found it under the front-door sill. Belindy said she heard a knock on the front door, but when she went there wa'n't nobody there, an' there was this paper. She come runnin' out to the shop with it. It was jest before noon. What d'ye s'pose it means?"

Jerome took the deed and examined it closely. "Have you read what's written above the heading of it?" he asked.

"No. What is it, J'rome?"

Ozias put on his spectacles; Jerome pointed to a crabbed line above the heading of the mortgage deed.

"I giv as present the forth part of my proputty, this morgidge to Ozier Lamm. SIMON BASSETT."

"He's took crazy!" cried Ozias, staring wildly at it.

"Guess he's been crazy over dollars and cents all his life, and this is just an acute phase of it," replied Jerome, calmly, taking up his plough handles again.

"I b'lieve the hull town's crazy. I've heard that Doctor Prescott has give his place back to John Upham, an' Peter Thomas is comin' out of the poor-farm an' goin' back to his old house. J'rome, I declar' to reason, I b'lieve you're crazy, an' the hull town has caught it. What's that? Who's comin'?"

A wild-eyed little boy, with fair hair stiff to the breeze, came racing across the plough ridges. "Come quick! Come quick!" he gasped. "They've sent me—Doctor Prescott ain't to home! He's most dead! Come quick!"

"Where to?" shouted Jerome, pulling the tackle off the horse.

"Come quick, J'rome!"

"Where *to?*"

"Speak up, can't ye?" cried Ozias, shaking the boy by his small shoulder.

"To Bassett's!" screamed the boy, shrilly, jerked away from Ozias, and was off, clearing the ground like a hound, with long leaps.

"Lord," said Ozias, looking at the deed, "it's killed him!"

Jerome had freed the horse from the plough, and now sprang upon his back.

"Ye ain't goin' to ride him bareback?" asked Ozias.

"I'm not going to stop for a saddle. G'long!" Jerome bent forward, slapped the horse on the neck, dug his heels into his sides, and was off at a gallop.

Ozias followed, still clutching the deed. Abel Edwards came out as he reached the house. "Where's J'rome goin' to?" he asked.

"Down to Bassett's. Somethin's happened. He's fell dead or somethin'. I'm goin' to see what the matter is."

"Wait till I git my hat, an' I'll go with ye."

The two old men went at a fast trot down the road, and many joined them, all hurrying to Simon Bassett's.

They had reached Lawyer Means's house, which stood in sight of Bassett's, before they met a returning company. "It's no use your goin'," shouted a man in advance. "He's gone. J'rome Edwards said so the minute he see him, an' now Doctor Prescott he's come, an' he says so. He was dead before they cut him down."

With the throng of excited men and boys came one pale-faced, elderly woman, with her cap awry and her apron over her shoulders. She was Miss Rachel Blodgett, Eliphalet Means's housekeeper.

She took up her position by the Meanses' gate, and the crowd gathered about her as a nucleus. Other women came running out of neighboring houses, and pressed close to her skirts. Cyrus Robinson's son pushed before her, and when she began to speak in a strained treble, overpowered it with a coarse volume of bass. "Let me tell what I've got to first," he ordered, importantly. "My part comes first, then it's your turn. I've got to go back to the store. It was just about noon that Simon Bassett come in agin and asked for a piece of rope. Said he wanted it to tie his cow with. I got out some rope, and he tried to beat me down on it; asked me if I hadn't got some second-hand rope I'd let him have a piece of. Finally I got mad, and asked him why, if he wasn't willing to pay for rope what it was worth, he didn't use a halter or his clothes-line.

"He whined out that his halter was broke, and he hadn't had a clothes-line for years. That last I believed quick enough, for I knew he didn't ever have any washing done.

"Then I asked him why he didn't steal a rope if he was too poor to pay for it, and he said he was too poor: he wasn't worth more than five thousand dollars in the world, and he'd given away all he was going to of that. When he got started on that, he ripped and raved the way he did this morning. Hang it, if I didn't begin to think he was out of his mind. Then he went off, about ten minutes past twelve, without his rope. I suppose there were pieces of rope enough around, but I got mad, he acted so darned mean about it, and wouldn't hunt it up for him; and I'm glad now I didn't."

Rachel Blodgett, who had been teetering with eagerness on her thin ankles, interposing now and then sharp quavers of abortive speech, cut short Robinson's last words with the impetuosity of her delivered torrent. "I washed to-day," said she. "I didn't wash yesterday, because it wasn't a good drying-day, and last week I had my clothes around three days in the tub, and I made up my mind I wouldn't do it again. So I washed to-day.

"I got my clothes all hung out before dinner. I had an uncommon heavy wash to-day: an extra table-cloth—Mr. Means tipped his coffee over yesterday morning—and the sheets of the spare-chamber bed were in: so I put up a little piece of line I had, between those two trees, beside my regular clothes-line.

"About an hour ago I thought to myself the clothes ought to be dry, and I'd just step out and look. So I run out, and there were the clothes I'd hung on the little line—some dish-towels, and two of my aprons, and one of Mr. Means's shirts—down on the ground in the dirt, and the line was gone. Thinks I, 'Where's that line gone to?'

"I stood there gaping; I couldn't make head or tail of it. Then I see the little Crossman boy out in the yard, and I hollered to him. 'Willy,' says I, 'come here a minute.'

"He come running over, and I asked him if he'd seen anybody in our yard since noon. He said he hadn't seen anybody but Mr. Bassett. He saw him coming out of our yard tucking something under his coat.

"That put me on the track. If I do say it of the dead, and one that's gone to his account in an awful way, Mr. Bassett had been over here time and time again and helped himself. I ain't going to say he stole; he helped himself. He helped himself to our kindling-wood, and our hammer, and our spade, and our rake. After the spade went I made a notch on the rake-handle, so I could tell it; and when that went, I slipped over to Mr. Bassett's one day when I knew he wasn't there, and there was our rake in his shed. I said nothing to nobody, but I just brought our rake home again, and I hid it where he didn't find it again. Mr. Means, though he's a lawyer, looks out sharper for other folks' belongings than he does for his own. He'd never say anything. He went and bought another spade and hammer, and he'd bought another rake if I hadn't got that.

"When that little Crossman boy said he'd seen Mr. Bassett coming out of our yard tucking something under his coat, it put me right on the track, though I couldn't think what he wanted with that little piece of rope. I should have thought he wanted it to mend a harness with, but his old horse died last winter—folks said he didn't have enough to eat, but I ain't going to pass any judgment on that—and I knew he sold his old harness, because the man he sold it to had been to Mr. Means to get damages for being taken in. The harness had broke, and his horse had run away and the man declared that that harness had been glued together in places.

"But I don't know anything about that. The poor man is dead, and if he glued his harness, it's for him to give account of, not me. I couldn't think what he wanted that rope for, but I felt mad. The rope wasn't worth much, but it was his helping himself to it without leave or license that riled me, and there were my clean clothes all down in the dirt—there they are now; you can see 'em there—and I knew I'd got to wash 'em over.

"So I made up my mind I'd got spunk enough, and I'd go right over there and tell Simon Bassett I wanted my rope. So I took off my apron and clapped it over my shoulders—I've had a little rheumatism lately, and the wind's kind of cold to-day—and I run over there.

"I—don't know what came over me. When I got to the house a chill struck all through my bones. I trembled like a leaf. I felt as if something had happened. I thought, at first, I'd turn round and go home, and then

I thought I wouldn't be so silly—that it was just nerves, and nothing had happened. I went round to the side door, and I didn't see him puttering around anywhere, so I peeked into the wood-shed. I thought if I saw my rope there I'd just take it, and run home, and say nothing to nobody.

"But I didn't see it, so I went back to the door and knocked. I knocked three times, and nobody came. Then I opened the door a crack and hollered. 'Mr. Bassett!' says I, 'Mr. Bassett!'

"I called a number of times, then I got out of patience. I thought he'd gone away somewhere, and I might as well go in and see if I couldn't find my rope. So I opened the door wide and stepped in.

"It was still in there; somehow the stillness seemed to hit my ears. It was just like a tomb. That dreadful horror came over me again. I felt the cold stealing down my back. I made up my mind I'd just peek into the kitchen, and if I didn't see my rope, I wouldn't look any farther; I'd go home.

"So—the kitchen door was ajar, and I pushed it, and it swung open—and—I looked, and there—there!"

Suddenly the woman's shrill monologue was intensified by hysteria. She pointed wildly, as if she saw again the awful sight which she had seen through that open door.

"There, there!" she shrieked—"there! He was—there—oh—Willy—the doctor—Jerome Edwards—Willy—oh, there, there!" She caught her breath with choking sobs, she laughed, and the laugh ended in a wailing scream; she clutched her throat, she struggled, she was beside herself for the time, run off her track of reason by her panic-stricken nerves.

Two pale, chattering women, nearly as hysterical as she, led her, weeping shrilly all the way, into the house, and the crowd dispersed—some, whose curiosity was not yet satisfied, to seek the scene of the tragedy, some to return home with the news. Two men of the latter, walking along the village street, discussed the amount of the property left by the dead man. "It's as much as fifty thousand dollars," said one.

"Every dollar of it," assented the other.

"It ain't likely he's made a will. Who's goin' to heir it? He 'ain't got a relation that I know of. All the folks I ever heard of his havin', since I can remember, was his step-father an' his brother Sam, an' they died twenty-odd years ago."

"Adoniram Judd's father was Simon Bassett's mother's cousin."

"He wa'n't!"

"Yes, he was. They both come from Westbrook, where I was born. Now they can pay off the mortgage and get Henry's eyes fixed."

"Adoniram Judd ain't goin' to get all that money!"

"I wouldn't sell ye his chance on 't for forty thousand dollars."

CHAPTER XLI.

During Jerome's absence at Simon Bassett's, Squire Eben Merritt's wife came across lots to the Edwardses' house. A little red shawl over her shoulders stood out triangularly to the gusts of spring wind; a forked end of red ribbon on her bonnet fluttered sharply. Abigail Merritt moved with nervous impetus across the fields, like an erratic thread of separate purpose through an even web. All the red of the spring landscape was in the swift passing of her garments. All that was not in straight parallels of accord with the universal yielding of nature to the simplest law of growth was in her soul. She passed on her own errand, cutting as it were a swath of spirit through the soft influence of the spring. Abigail Merritt's mouth was tightly shut; her eyes were narrow gleams of resolution; there were red spots on her cheeks. She had left Lucina weeping on the bed in her little chamber; she had said nothing to her nor her husband, but she had resolved upon her own course of action.

"It is time something was done," said Abigail Merritt, nodding to herself in the glass as she tied on her bonnet, "and I am going to do it."

When she reached the Edwardses' house she stepped briskly up the path, bowing to Mrs. Edwards in the window, and Elmira opened the door before she knocked.

"Good-afternoon; I would like to see your brother a moment," Abigail announced, abruptly.

"He isn't at home," said Elmira; "something has happened at Simon Bassett's—I don't know what. A boy came after Jerome, and he hurried off. Father's gone too." Elmira blushed all over her face and neck as she spoke. "Jerome will be sorry he wasn't at home," she added. She had a curious sense of innocent confusion over the situation.

Mrs. Edwards blushed too, like an echo, though she gave her little dark head an impatient toss.

"Then please ask your brother if he will be so kind as to come to the Squire's after supper to-night," she returned, in her smart, prettily dictatorial way, and took leave at once, though Elmira urged her politely to come in and rest and wait for her brother's return.

She gave the message to Jerome when he came home. "What do you suppose she wants of you?" she asked, wonderingly. Jerome shook his head.

"Why, you look as white as a sheet!" said Elmira, staring at him.

"I've seen enough this afternoon to make any man look white," Jerome replied, evasively.

"Well, I suppose you have; it is awful about Simon Bassett," Elmira assented, shudderingly.

Jerome had to force himself to his work after he had received Mrs. Merritt's message. The tragedy of Simon Bassett had given him a terrible shock, and now this last set his nerves in a tumult in spite of himself.

"What can she want?" he questioned, over and over. "Shall I see Lucina? What can her mother have to say to me?"

One minute, thinking of Simon Bassett, he stood convicted, to his shame, of the utter despicableness of all his desires pertaining to the earth and the flesh, by that clear apprehension of eternity which often comes to one at the sight of sudden death. He settled with himself that wealth and success and learning, and love itself even, were as nothing beside that one surety of eternity, which holds the sequence of good and evil, and is of the spirit.

Then, in a wild rebellion of honesty, he would own to himself that, whether he would have it so or not, to his understanding, still hampered by the conditions of the flesh, perhaps made morbid by resistance to them—but that he could not tell—love was the one truth and reality and source of all things; that life was because of love, not love because of life.

Jerome set his mouth hard as he ploughed. The newly turned sods clung to his feet and made them heavy, as the fond longings of the earth clung to his soul. It seemed to Jerome that he had never loved Lucina as he loved her then, that he had never wanted her so much. Also, that he had never been so firmly resolved to give her up. If Lucina had seemed beyond his reach before, she seemed doubly so then, and her new wealth loomed between them like an awful golden flood of separation. "I have given away all my money," he said. "Shall I marry a wife with money, to make good my loss?" He laughed at himself with bitter scorn for the fancy.

After supper he dressed himself in his best clothes and set out for Squire Merritt's, evading as much as he could his mother's questions and surmises. Ann's bitterness at his disposal of his money was softened to loquacity by her curiosity.

"I s'pose," said she, "that if that poor girl goes down on her knees to you, an' tells you her heart is breakin', that you'll jest hand her over to the town poor, the way you did your money."

"Don't, mother," whispered Elmira, as Jerome went out, making no response.

"I'm goin' to say what I think 's best. I'm his mother," returned Ann. But when Jerome was gone, she broke down and cried, and complained that the poor boy hadn't eat any supper, and she was afraid he'd be sick. Abel, sitting near her, snivelled softly for sympathy, not fairly comprehending her cause for tears. When she stopped weeping, and took up her knitting-work again, he drew a sigh of relief and fell to eating an apple.

As for Elmira, she tried to comfort her mother, and she had an anxious curiosity about Jerome and his call at the Merritts'; but Lawrence Prescott was coming that evening.

Presently Ann heard her singing upstairs in her chamber, whither she had gone to curl her hair and change her gown.

"I'm glad somebody can sing," muttered Ann; but in the depths of her heart was a wish that her son, instead of her daughter, could have had the reason for song, if it were appointed to one only. "Women don't take things so hard as men," reasoned Ann Edwards.

When Jerome knocked at Squire Merritt's door that evening, Mrs. Merritt opened it. For a minute everything was dark before him; he had thought that he might see Lucina. His voice sounded strange in his own ears when he replied to Mrs. Merritt's greeting; he almost reeled when he followed her into the parlor. It was a cool spring night, and there was a fire on the hearth. A silver branch of candles on the mantel-shelf lit the room.

Mrs. Merritt looked anxiously at Jerome as she placed a chair. "I hope you are well," she said, in her quick way, but her voice was kind. Jerome thought it sounded like Lucina's. He stammered that he was quite well.

"You look pale."

When he had made no response to that, she added, with a motherly cadence, that he had been through a great deal lately; that she had felt very sorry about the loss of his mill.

Jerome thanked her. He sat opposite, in a great mahogany arm-chair, holding himself very erect; but his pulses sang in his ears, and his downcast eyes scanned the roses in the carpet. He did not understand it, but he was for the moment like a schoolboy before the aroused might of feminity in this little woman.

"It is partly about your mill that I want to see you," said Abigail Merritt. "The Squire has something which he wishes to propose, but he has begged me to do so for him. He thinks my chances of success are better. I don't know about that," she finished, smiling.

Jerome looked up then with quick attention, and she came at once to the point. Abigail Merritt, her mind once made up, was not a woman to beat long about a bush. "The Squire has, as you know," she said, "a legacy of five thousand dollars from poor Colonel Lamson. He wishes to invest part of it. He would like to rebuild your mill."

Jerome colored high. "Thank him, and thank you," he said; "but—"

"He does not propose to give it to you," she interposed, quickly. "He would not venture to propose that, however much he might like to do so. His plan is to rebuild the mill, and for you to work it on shares—you to have your share of the profits for your labor. You could have the chance to buy him out later, when you were able."

Jerome was about to speak, but Abigail interrupted again. "I beg you not to make your final decision now," she said. "There is no necessity for it. I would rather, too, that you gave your answer to the Squire instead of me. I have nothing to do with it. It is simply a proposition of the Squire's for you to consider at your leisure. You know how much my husband has always thought of you, since you were a child. He would be glad to help you, and help himself at the same time, if you will allow him to do so; but that can pass over. I have something else of more importance to me to say. Jerome Edwards," said she, suddenly, and there was a new tone in her voice, "I want you to tell me just how matters stand between you and my daughter Lucina. I am her mother, and I have a right to know."

Jerome looked at her. His handsome young face was very white. "I—have been working hard to earn enough money to marry," he said, speaking quick, as if his breath failed him. "I lost my mill. I will not ask her to wait."

"You had a fortune, but you gave it away," returned Mrs. Merritt. "Well, we will not discuss that; that is not between you and me, or any human being if you did what you thought right. Lucina has twenty thousand dollars. You know that?"

Jerome nodded. "Yes," he replied, hoarsely.

"What difference will it make whether you have the money or your wife?"

"It makes a difference to me," cried Jerome then, with that old flash of black eyes which had intimidated the little girl Lucina in years past.

"And yet you say you love my daughter," said Mrs. Merritt, looking at him steadily.

"I love her so much that I would lay down my life for her," Jerome cried, fiercely, and there was a flare of red over his pale face.

"But not so much that you would sacrifice one jot or one tittle of your pride for her," responded Abigail Merritt, with sharp scorn. Suddenly she sprang up from her chair and stood before the young man, every nerve in her slight body quivering with the fire of eloquence. "Now listen, Jerome Edwards," said she. "I know who and what you are, and I know who and what my daughter is. I give you your full due. You have traits which are above the common, and out of the common; some which are noble, and some which render you dangerous to the peace of any one who loves you. I give you your full due, and I give my daughter hers. I can say it without vanity—it is the simple truth—Lucina has had her pick and choice among many. She could have wedded, had she chosen, in high stations. She has a face and character which win love for her wherever she goes. I am not here to offer or force my daughter upon any unwilling lover. If I had not been sure, from what she has told me, and from what I have observed, that you were perfectly honest in your affection for her, I should not have sent for you to-night. I—"

She stopped, for Jerome burst out with a passion which startled her.

"Honest! Oh, my God! I love her so that I am nothing without her. I love her more than the whole world, more than my own life!"

"Then give up your pride for her, if you love her," said Abigail, sharply.

"My pride!"

"Yes, your pride. You have given away everything else, but how dare you think yourself generous when you have kept the thing that is dearest of all? You generous—you! Talk of Simon Bassett! You are a miser of a false trait in your own character. You are a worse miser than he, unless you give it up. What are you that you should say, 'I will go through life, and I will give and not take?' What are you that you should think yourself better than all around you—that you should be towards your fellow-creatures as a god, conferring everything, receiving nothing? If you love my daughter, prove it. Take what she has to give you, and give her, what is worth more than money if you had the riches of Crœsus, the pride of your heart."

Jerome stood before her, looking at her. Then, without a word, he went across the room to a window and stood there, his back towards her, his face towards the moonlight night outside.

"Is it pride or principle?" he said, hoarsely, without turning his head.

"Pride."

Jerome stood silently at the window. Abigail watched him, her brows contracted, her fingers twitching; there were red spots on her cheeks. This had cost her dearly. She, too, had given up her pride for love of Lucina.

Jerome, with a sudden motion of his shoulders, as if he flung off a burden, left the window and crossed the room. He was very pale, but his eyes were shining. He towered over Mrs. Merritt with his splendid height, and she was woman enough, even then, to note how handsome he was. "Will you give me Lucina for my wife?" said he.

Tears sprang to Abigail's eyes: her little face quivered. She took Jerome's hand, pressed it, murmured something, and went out. Jerome understood that she had gone to call Lucina.

It was not long before he heard Lucina's step on the stairs, and the rustle of her skirts. Then there was a suspensive silence, as if she hesitated at the door; then the latch was lifted and she came in.

Lucina, in a straight-hanging gown of blue silk, stood still near the door, looking at Jerome with a wonderful expression of love and modest shrinking and trust and fear, and a gentle dignity and graciousness withal, which only a maiden's face can compass. Lucina did not blush nor tremble, though her steady poise seemed rather due to the repression of tremors than actual calm of spirit. Though no color came into Lucina's smooth, pale curves of cheek, and though her little hands were clasped before her, like hands of marble, her blue eyes were dilated, and pulses beat hard in her delicate throat and temples.

Jerome, on his part, was for a minute unable to speak or approach her. An awe of her, as of an angel, was over him, now that for the first time the certainty of possession was in his heart. It often happens that one receiving for the first time a great and long-desired blessing can feel, for the moment, not joy and triumph so much as awe and fear at its sudden glory of fairness in contact with his unworthiness.

But, all at once, as Jerome hesitated, a soft red came flaming over Lucina's face and neck, and tears of distress welled up in her eyes. Far it was from her to understand how her lover felt, for awe of herself was beyond her imagination, and a dreadful fear lest her mother had been mistaken, and Jerome did not want her after all, was in her heart. She gave him a little look, at once proud and piteously shamed, and put her hand on the door-latch; but with that Jerome was at her side and his arms were around her.

"Oh, Lucina," he said, "I am poor—I am poorer than when I spoke to you before. You must give all and I nothing, except myself, which seems to me as nothing when I look at you. Will you take me so?"

Then Lucina looked straight up in his face, and her blushes were gone, and her blue eyes were dark, as if from unknown depths of love and faithfulness. "Don't you know," she said, with an authoritative seriousness, which seemed beyond her years and her girlish experience—"don't you know that when I give you all I give to myself, and that if I did not give you all I could never give to myself, but should be poor all my life?

"And—and," continued Lucina, tremulously—for she was beginning to falter, being nerved to such length of assertive speech only by her wish to comfort and reassure Jerome—"don't you know—don't you know, Jerome, that—a woman's giving is all her taking, and—you wouldn't take the gingerbread, dear, and the money for the shoes, when we were both children—but maybe your—taking from—somebody who loves you is your—best giving—"

With that Lucina was sobbing softly on Jerome's shoulder, and he was leaning his face close to hers, whispering brokenly and kissing her hair and her cheek.

"It doesn't matter, after all, because you lost your mill, dear," Lucina said, presently, "because we have money enough for everything now."

"It is your money, for your own needs always," Jerome returned, quickly, and with a sudden recoil, as from a touch bound by the terms of the instrument, as drawn up by Lawyer Means, I propose to alter some of them, as I deem judicious for the public welfare. One-fourth of my property, which consists largely of real estate, cannot manifestly be given in ready money without great delay and loss. Therefore I propose giving to a large extent in land, and in a few cases liquidations of mortgage deeds; and—I also propose giving in such proportions and to such individuals as I shall approve and select; a strictly indiscriminate division is directly opposed to my views. I trust that you do not consider that this method is to be objected to on the grounds of any infringement upon my legal restrictions."

"No, sir, I don't," replied Jerome.

"There is one other point; then I have done," said Doctor Prescott. "I have withdrawn my objection to my son's marriage with your sister. That is all. I have said and heard all I wish, and I will not detain you any longer." Doctor Prescott looked at him with a pale and forbidding majesty in his clear-cut face. Jerome arose, and was passing out without a word, as he was bidden, when the old man held out his hand. He had the air of extending a sceptre, and a haughty downward look, as if the whole world and his own self were under his feet. Jerome shook the proffered hand and went. His hand was on the latch of the outer door, when the sitting-room door on the left opened, and he felt himself enveloped, as it were, in a softly gracious feminine presence, made evident by wide rustlings of silken skirts, pointed foldings of lavender-scented white wool over outstretched arms, and heaving waves of white lace over a high curving bosom. Doctor Prescott's wife drew Jerome to her as if he were still a child, and kissed him on his cheek. "Give your sister my fondest love, and may God give you your reward, dear boy!" she said, in her beautiful voice, which was like no other woman's for sweetness and softness, though she was as large as a queen.

Then she was gone, and Jerome went home, with the scent of lavender from her laces and silks and white wools still in his nostrils, and a subtler sweetness of womanhood and fine motherhood dimly perceived in his soul.

When he got home he knew by the light in the parlor windows that Lawrence was with his sister. He had been in bed some time before he heard the front door shut.

Elmira, when she came up stairs, opened his door a crack, and whispered, in a voice tremulous with happiness, "Jerome, you asleep?"

"No."

"Do—you know—about Lawrence and me?"

"Yes; I'm real glad, Elmira."

"I hope you'll forgive me for speaking to you the way I did, Jerome."

"That's all right, Elmira."

CHAPTER XL.

THE next morning Jerome was just going out of the yard, when he met Paulina Maria Judd and Henry coming in. Paulina Maria held her blind son by the hand, but he walked with an air of resisting her guidance.

"J'rome, I've come to see you about that money," said Paulina Maria. "I hear you're goin' to give us two hundred and fifty dollars. I told you once we wouldn't take your money."

"This is different. This is the money Colonel Lamson left me, that I'd agreed to give away."

"It ain't any different to us. You can keep it."

"I sha'n't keep it, anyway. For God's sake, aunt, take it! Henry, take it, and get your eyes cured!"

"I sha'n't take money that's given in any such way, and neither will my son. I haven't changed my mind about what I said the other night, and neither has he. You need this money yourself. If the money had been left to us, it would have been different; we sha'n't take it, and you needn't offer it to us; you can count us out in your division. We sha'n't take what Doctor Prescott has offered, neither—to give us the mortgage on our house. It's an honest debt, and we don't want to shirk it. If we're paupers, we'll be paupers of God, but of no man!"

"Henry," pleaded Jerome, "just listen to me." But it was of no avail. His cousin turned his blind face sternly away from his pleading voice, and went out of the yard, still seeming to strive against his mother's leading hand.

Jerome followed them, still arguing with them; he even walked with them a little after the turn of the road. Then he gave it up, and went on to the store, where he had an errand. He resolved to see Adoniram, and try to influence him to take the money for his blind son. He could not believe that he would not do so. Long before he reached the store he could hear the gabble of excited voices and loud peals of rough laughter. "What's going on?" he thought. When he entered, he saw Simon Bassett backed up against a counter, at bay, as it were, before a great throng of village men and boys. Bassett was deathly white through his grime and beard-stubble, his jaws snapping like a wolf's, his eyes fierce with terror.

"Shell out, Simon," shouted a young man, with a butting motion of a shock head towards the old man. "Shell out, I tell ye, or ye'll have a writ served on ye."

"I tell ye I won't! Ye don't know nothin' about it. I 'ain't got no property!" shrieked Simon Bassett, amidst a wild burst of laughter.

"He 'ain't got no property, he 'ain't! Hi!" shouted the boys on the outskirts, with peals of goblin merriment.

"I tell ye I 'ain't got more'n five thousand dollars to my name!"

"You 'ain't, eh? Where's all your land, you old liar?" asked the young man, who seemed spokesman for the crowd.

"It ain't wuth nothin'. I couldn't sell it to-day if I wanted to."

"Gimme the land, then, an' we'll take the risk," was the cry. "J'rome and the doctor have shelled out; now it's your turn, or you'll hev the officers after ye."

Jerome pushed his way through the crowd. "What are you scaring him for?" he demanded. "He's an old man, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"He ain't more'n seventy," replied the young man, "an' he's smart as a cricket; he's smart enough to gouge the old town, old 's he is."

"That's so, Eph!" chorused his supporters.

Jerome grasped Bassett by the shoulder. "Don't you know you are not obliged to give a dollar, if you don't want to?" he asked. "That paper wasn't legal."

The old man shrank before him with craven terror, and yet with the look of a dog which will snap when he sees an unwary hand. "Ye don't git me into none of yer traps," he snarled. "What made Doctor Prescott give anything?"

"He gave because he wanted to keep his promise, not because he was forced to by that paper."

"Likely story!" said Simon Bassett.

"I tell you it's so."

"Likely story Seth Prescott ever give it if he wa'n't obliged to. Ye can't trap me."

"Go and ask him, if you don't believe me," said Jerome.

"Ye don't trap me; I'm too old."

"Go and ask Lawyer Means, then."

"I guess when ye git me into that pesky lawyer's clutches ye'll know it! Ye can't trap me. I guess I know more about law than ye do, ye damned little upstart ye! Why couldn't ye have kept your dead man's shoes to home, darn ye? Ye'll come on the town yerself yet; ye won't have money enough to pay fer your buryin', an' I hope to God ye won't! Curse ye! I'll live to see ye in your pauper's grave yet, old 's I be. Ye *thief!* I tell ye I 'ain't got no money. I 'ain't got more'n five thousand dollars, countin' everythin' in the world, an' I'll see ye all damned to hell afore I'll give ye a dollar. Let me out, will ye?" Simon Bassett made a clawing, catlike rush through the crowd to the door.

"I tell you, Simon Bassett, you haven't got to give a dollar," shouted Jerome; but he might as well have shouted to the wind.

"No use, J'rome," chuckled the shock-headed young man; "he's gone plumb crazy over it. You can't make him listen to nothin'."

"What do you mean, badgering him so?" cried Jerome, angrily.

"He's a mean old cuss, anyhow," said the young man, with a defiant laugh.

"That's so! Serves him right," grunted the others. They were all much younger than Jerome, and many of them were mere boys. It seemed strange that a man as sharp as Bassett had taken them seriously.

Jerome, the more he thought it over, was convinced that Simon Bassett was half crazed with the fear of parting with his money. When he came out of the store he hesitated; he was half inclined to follow Bassett home, and try to reason him into some understanding of the truth. Then, remembering his violent attitude towards himself, he decided that it would be useless, and went home. He planned to plough his garden that day.

"I've got to work at something," Jerome told himself; "if it isn't one thing, it's got to be another." He dwelt always upon Lucina—what she was thinking of him; if she thought that he did not love her, because he had given her up; if she would look at him, if she were to see him, as his sister had done the night before. Jerome had not yet answered Lucina's letter. He did not know how to answer it; but he carried it with him night and day.

He went home, got his horse and plough, and fell to work in his hilly garden ground. His father came out and sat on a stone and watched him happily. Jerome was scarcely accustomed to his father yet, but he treated him as tenderly as if he were a child, and the old man followed him like one. Indeed, he seemed to prefer his son to his wife, though Ann watched him with jealous affection. Ann Edwards had never walked since the night of her husband's return. She never alluded to it; sometimes her children thought that she had not known it herself.

Jerome was still ploughing in the afternoon, when his uncle Ozias Lamb came.

Ozias stumped softly through the new-turned mould. He had a folded paper in his hand, and he extended it towards Jerome. "D'ye know anything about this?" he asked. His face was ashy.

Jerome brought his horse to a stand. "What is it?"

"Don't ye know?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, it's that mortgage deed that Bassett held on my place, with—the signature torn off, cancelled," Ozias said, in a hoarse voice. "D'ye know anything about it now?"

"No, I don't," replied Jerome, with emphasis.

"Well," said Ozias, "I found it under the front-door sill. Belindy said she heard a knock on the front door, but when she went there wa'n't nobody there, an' there was this paper. She come runnin' out to the shop with it. It was jest before noon. What d'ye s'pose it means?"

Jerome took the deed and examined it closely. "Have you read what's written above the heading of it?" he asked.

"No. What is it, J'rome?"

Ozias put on his spectacles; Jerome pointed to a crabbed line above the heading of the mortgage deed.

"I giv as present the forth part of my proputty, this morgidge to Ozier Lamm. Simon Bassett."

"He's took crazy!" cried Ozias, staring wildly at it.

"Guess he's been crazy over dollars and cents all his life, and this is just an acute phase of it," replied Jerome, calmly, taking up his plough handles again.

"I b'lieve the hull town's crazy. I've heard that Doctor Prescott has give his place back to John Upham, an' Peter Thomas is comin' out of the poor-farm an' goin' back to his old house. J'rome, I declar' to reason, I b'lieve you're crazy, an' the hull town has caught it. What's that? Who's comin'?"

A wild-eyed little boy, with fair hair stiff to the breeze, came racing across the plough ridges. "Come quick! Come quick!" he gasped. "They've sent me—Doctor Prescott ain't to home! He's most dead! Come quick!"

"Where to?" shouted Jerome, pulling the tackle off the horse.

"Come quick, J'rome!"

"Where *to?*"

"Speak up, can't ye?" cried Ozias, shaking the boy by his small shoulder.

"To Bassett's!" screamed the boy, shrilly, jerked away from Ozias, and was off, clearing the ground like a hound, with long leaps.

"Lord," said Ozias, looking at the deed, "it's killed him!"

Jerome had freed the horse from the plough, and now sprang upon his back.

"Ye ain't goin' to ride him bareback?" asked Ozias.

"I'm not going to stop for a saddle. G'long!" Jerome bent forward, slapped the horse on the neck, dug his heels into his sides, and was off at a gallop.

Ozias followed, still clutching the deed. Abel Edwards came out as he reached the house. "Where's J'rome goin' to?" he asked.

"Down to Bassett's. Somethin's happened. He's fell dead or somethin'. I'm goin' to see what the matter is."

"Wait till I git my hat, an' I'll go with ye."

The two old men went at a fast trot down the road, and many joined them, all hurrying to Simon Bassett's.

They had reached Lawyer Means's house, which stood in sight of Bassett's, before they met a returning company. "It's no use your goin'," shouted a man in advance. "He's gone. J'rome Edwards said so the minute he see him, an' now Doctor Prescott he's come, an' he says so. He was dead before they cut him down."

With the throng of excited men and boys came one pale-faced, elderly woman, with her cap awry and her apron over her shoulders. She was Miss Rachel Blodgett, Eliphalet Means's housekeeper.

She took up her position by the Meanses' gate, and the crowd gathered about her as a nucleus. Other women came running out of neighboring houses, and pressed close to her skirts. Cyrus Robinson's son pushed before her, and when she began to speak in a strained treble, overpowered it with a coarse volume of bass. "Let me tell what I've got to first," he ordered, importantly. "My part comes first, then it's your turn. I've got to go back to the store. It was just about noon that Simon Bassett come in agin and asked for a piece of rope. Said he wanted it to tie his cow with. I got out some rope, and he tried to beat me down on it; asked me if I hadn't got some second-hand rope I'd let him have a piece of. Finally I got mad, and asked him why, if he wasn't willing to pay for rope what it was worth, he didn't use a halter or his clothes-line.

"He whined out that his halter was broke, and he hadn't had a clothes-line for years. That last I believed quick enough, for I knew he didn't ever have any washing done.

"Then I asked him why he didn't steal a rope if he was too poor to pay for it, and he said he was too poor: he wasn't worth more than five thousand dollars in the world, and he'd given away all he was going to of that. When he got started on that, he ripped and raved the way he did this morning. Hang it, if I didn't begin to think he was out of his mind. Then he went off, about ten minutes past twelve, without his rope. I suppose there were pieces of rope enough around, but I got mad, he acted so darned mean about it, and wouldn't hunt it up for him; and I'm glad now I didn't."

Rachel Blodgett, who had been teetering with eagerness on her thin ankles, interposing now and then sharp quavers of abortive speech, cut short Robinson's last words with the impetuosity of her delivered torrent. "I washed to-day," said she. "I didn't wash yesterday, because it wasn't a good drying-day, and last week I had my clothes around three days in the tub, and I made up my mind I wouldn't do it again. So I washed to-day.

"I got my clothes all hung out before dinner. I had an uncommon heavy wash to-day: an extra table-cloth—Mr. Means tipped his coffee over yesterday morning—and the sheets of the spare-chamber bed were in: so I put up a little piece of line I had, between those two trees, beside my regular clothes-line.

"About an hour ago I thought to myself the clothes ought to be dry, and I'd just step out and look. So I run out, and there were the clothes I'd hung on the little line—some dish-towels, and two of my aprons, and one of Mr. Means's shirts—down on the ground in the dirt, and the line was gone. Thinks I, 'Where's that line gone to?'

"I stood there gaping; I couldn't make head or tail of it. Then I see the little Crossman boy out in the yard, and I hollered to him. 'Willy,' says I, 'come here a minute.'

"He come running over, and I asked him if he'd seen anybody in our yard since noon. He said he hadn't seen anybody but Mr. Bassett. He saw him coming out of our yard tucking something under his coat.

"That put me on the track. If I do say it of the dead, and one that's gone to his account in an awful way, Mr. Bassett had been over here time and time again and helped himself. I ain't going to say he stole; he helped himself. He helped himself to our kindling-wood, and our hammer, and our spade, and our rake. After the spade went I made a notch on the rake-handle, so I could tell it; and when that went, I slipped over to Mr. Bassett's one day when I knew he wasn't there, and there was our rake in his shed. I said nothing to nobody, but I just brought our rake home again, and I hid it where he didn't find it again. Mr. Means, though he's a lawyer, looks out sharper for other folks' belongings than he does for his own. He'd never say anything. He went and bought another spade and hammer, and he'd bought another rake if I hadn't got that.

"When that little Crossman boy said he'd seen Mr. Bassett coming out of our yard tucking something under his coat, it put me right on the track, though I couldn't think what he wanted with that little piece of rope. I should have thought he wanted it to mend a harness with, but his old horse died last winter—folks said he didn't have enough to eat, but I ain't going to pass any judgment on that—and I knew he sold his old harness, because the man he sold it to had been to Mr. Means to get damages for being taken in. The harness had broke, and his horse had run away and the man declared that that harness had been glued together in places.

"But I don't know anything about that. The poor man is dead, and if he glued his harness, it's for him to give account of, not me. I couldn't think what he wanted that rope for, but I felt mad. The rope wasn't worth much, but it was his helping himself to it without leave or license that riled me, and there were my clean clothes all down in the dirt—there they are now; you can see 'em there—and I knew I'd got to wash 'em over.

"So I made up my mind I'd got spunk enough, and I'd go right over there and tell Simon Bassett I wanted my rope. So I took off my apron and clapped it over my shoulders—I've had a little rheumatism lately, and the wind's kind of cold to-day—and I run over there.

"I—don't know what came over me. When I got to the house a chill struck all through my bones. I trembled like a leaf. I felt as if something had happened. I thought, at first, I'd turn round and go home, and then

I thought I wouldn't be so silly—that it was just nerves, and nothing had happened. I went round to the side door, and I didn't see him puttering around anywhere, so I peeked into the wood-shed. I thought if I saw my rope there I'd just take it, and run home, and say nothing to nobody.

"But I didn't see it, so I went back to the door and knocked. I knocked three times, and nobody came. Then I opened the door a crack and hollered. 'Mr. Bassett!' says I, 'Mr. Bassett!'

"I called a number of times, then I got out of patience. I thought he'd gone away somewhere, and I might as well go in and see if I couldn't find my rope. So I opened the door wide and stepped in.

"It was still in there; somehow the stillness seemed to hit my ears. It was just like a tomb. That dreadful horror came over me again. I felt the cold stealing down my back. I made up my mind I'd just peek into the kitchen, and if I didn't see my rope, I wouldn't look any farther; I'd go home.

"So—the kitchen door was ajar, and I pushed it, and it swung open—and—I looked, and there—there!"

Suddenly the woman's shrill monologue was intensified by hysteria. She pointed wildly, as if she saw again the awful sight which she had seen through that open door.

"There, there!" she shrieked—"there! He was—there—oh—Willy—the doctor—Jerome Edwards—Willy—oh, there, there!" She caught her breath with choking sobs, she laughed, and the laugh ended in a wailing scream; she clutched her throat, she struggled, she was beside herself for the time, run off her track of reason by her panic-stricken nerves.

Two pale, chattering women, nearly as hysterical as she, led her, weeping shrilly all the way, into the house, and the crowd dispersed—some, whose curiosity was not yet satisfied, to seek the scene of the tragedy, some to return home with the news. Two men of the latter, walking along the village street, discussed the amount of the property left by the dead man. "It's as much as fifty thousand dollars," said one.

"Every dollar of it," assented the other.

"It ain't likely he's made a will. Who's goin' to heir it? He 'ain't got a relation that I know of. All the folks I ever heard of his havin', since I can remember, was his step-father an' his brother Sam, an' they died twenty-odd years ago."

"Adoniram Judd's father was Simon Bassett's mother's cousin."

"He wa'n't!"

"Yes, he was. They both come from Westbrook, where I was born. Now they can pay off the mortgage and get Henry's eyes fixed."

"Adoniram Judd ain't goin' to get all that money!"

"I wouldn't sell ye his chance on 't for forty thousand dollars."

CHAPTER XLI.

During Jerome's absence at Simon Bassett's, Squire Eben Merritt's wife came across lots to the Edwardses' house. A little red shawl over her shoulders stood out triangularly to the gusts of spring wind; a forked end of red ribbon on her bonnet fluttered sharply. Abigail Merritt moved with nervous impetus across the fields, like an erratic thread of separate purpose through an even web. All the red of the spring landscape was in the swift passing of her garments. All that was not in straight parallels of accord with the universal yielding of nature to the simplest law of growth was in her soul. She passed on her own errand, cutting as it were a swath of spirit through the soft influence of the spring. Abigail Merritt's mouth was tightly shut; her eyes were narrow gleams of resolution; there were red spots on her cheeks. She had left Lucina weeping on the bed in her little chamber; she had said nothing to her nor her husband, but she had resolved upon her own course of action.

"It is time something was done," said Abigail Merritt, nodding to herself in the glass as she tied on her bonnet, "and I am going to do it."

When she reached the Edwardses' house she stepped briskly up the path, bowing to Mrs. Edwards in the window, and Elmira opened the door before she knocked.

"Good-afternoon; I would like to see your brother a moment," Abigail announced, abruptly.

"He isn't at home," said Elmira; "something has happened at Simon Bassett's—I don't know what. A boy came after Jerome, and he hurried off. Father's gone too." Elmira blushed all over her face and neck as she spoke. "Jerome will be sorry he wasn't at home," she added. She had a curious sense of innocent confusion over the situation.

Mrs. Edwards blushed too, like an echo, though she gave her little dark head an impatient toss.

"Then please ask your brother if he will be so kind as to come to the Squire's after supper to-night," she returned, in her smart, prettily dictatorial way, and took leave at once, though Elmira urged her politely to come in and rest and wait for her brother's return.

She gave the message to Jerome when he came home. "What do you suppose she wants of you?" she asked, wonderingly. Jerome shook his head.

"Why, you look as white as a sheet!" said Elmira, staring at him.

"I've seen enough this afternoon to make any man look white," Jerome replied, evasively.

"Well, I suppose you have; it is awful about Simon Bassett," Elmira assented, shudderingly.

Jerome had to force himself to his work after he had received Mrs. Merritt's message. The tragedy of Simon Bassett had given him a terrible shock, and now this last set his nerves in a tumult in spite of himself.

"What can she want?" he questioned, over and over. "Shall I see Lucina? What can her mother have to say to me?"

One minute, thinking of Simon Bassett, he stood convicted, to his shame, of the utter despicableness of all his desires pertaining to the earth and the flesh, by that clear apprehension of eternity which often comes to one at the sight of sudden death. He settled with himself that wealth and success and learning, and love itself even, were as nothing beside that one surety of eternity, which holds the sequence of good and evil, and is of the spirit.

Then, in a wild rebellion of honesty, he would own to himself that, whether he would have it so or not, to his understanding, still hampered by the conditions of the flesh, perhaps made morbid by resistance to them—but that he could not tell—love was the one truth and reality and source of all things; that life was because of love, not love because of life.

Jerome set his mouth hard as he ploughed. The newly turned sods clung to his feet and made them heavy, as the fond longings of the earth clung to his soul. It seemed to Jerome that he had never loved Lucina as he loved her then, that he had never wanted her so much. Also, that he had never been so firmly resolved to give her up. If Lucina had seemed beyond his reach before, she seemed doubly so then, and her new wealth loomed between them like an awful golden flood of separation. "I have given away all my money," he said. "Shall I marry a wife with money, to make good my loss?" He laughed at himself with bitter scorn for the fancy.

After supper he dressed himself in his best clothes and set out for Squire Merritt's, evading as much as he could his mother's questions and surmises. Ann's bitterness at his disposal of his money was softened to loquacity by her curiosity.

"I s'pose," said she, "that if that poor girl goes down on her knees to you, an' tells you her heart is breakin', that you'll jest hand her over to the town poor, the way you did your money."

"Don't, mother," whispered Elmira, as Jerome went out, making no response.

"I'm goin' to say what I think 's best. I'm his mother," returned Ann. But when Jerome was gone, she broke down and cried, and complained that the poor boy hadn't eat any supper, and she was afraid he'd be sick. Abel, sitting near her, snivelled softly for sympathy, not fairly comprehending her cause for tears. When she stopped weeping, and took up her knitting-work again, he drew a sigh of relief and fell to eating an apple.

As for Elmira, she tried to comfort her mother, and she had an anxious curiosity about Jerome and his call at the Merritts'; but Lawrence Prescott was coming that evening.

Presently Ann heard her singing upstairs in her chamber, whither she had gone to curl her hair and change her gown.

"I'm glad somebody can sing," muttered Ann; but in the depths of her heart was a wish that her son, instead of her daughter, could have had the reason for song, if it were appointed to one only. "Women don't take things so hard as men," reasoned Ann Edwards.

When Jerome knocked at Squire Merritt's door that evening, Mrs. Merritt opened it. For a minute everything was dark before him; he had thought that he might see Lucina. His voice sounded strange in his own ears when he replied to Mrs. Merritt's greeting; he almost reeled when he followed her into the parlor. It was a cool spring night, and there was a fire on the hearth. A silver branch of candles on the mantel-shelf lit the room.

Mrs. Merritt looked anxiously at Jerome as she placed a chair. "I hope you are well," she said, in her quick way, but her voice was kind. Jerome thought it sounded like Lucina's. He stammered that he was quite well.

"You look pale."

When he had made no response to that, she added, with a motherly cadence, that he had been through a great deal lately; that she had felt very sorry about the loss of his mill.

Jerome thanked her. He sat opposite, in a great mahogany arm-chair, holding himself very erect; but his pulses sang in his ears, and his downcast eyes scanned the roses in the carpet. He did not understand it, but he was for the moment like a schoolboy before the aroused might of feminity in this little woman.

"It is partly about your mill that I want to see you," said Abigail Merritt. "The Squire has something which he wishes to propose, but he has begged me to do so for him. He thinks my chances of success are better. I don't know about that," she finished, smiling.

Jerome looked up then with quick attention, and she came at once to the point. Abigail Merritt, her mind once made up, was not a woman to beat long about a bush. "The Squire has, as you know," she said, "a legacy of five thousand dollars from poor Colonel Lamson. He wishes to invest part of it. He would like to rebuild your mill."

Jerome colored high. "Thank him, and thank you," he said; "but—"

"He does not propose to give it to you," she interposed, quickly. "He would not venture to propose that, however much he might like to do so. His plan is to rebuild the mill, and for you to work it on shares—you to have your share of the profits for your labor. You could have the chance to buy him out later, when you were able."

Jerome was about to speak, but Abigail interrupted again. "I beg you not to make your final decision now," she said. "There is no necessity for it. I would rather, too, that you gave your answer to the Squire instead of me. I have nothing to do with it. It is simply a proposition of the Squire's for you to consider at your leisure. You know how much my husband has always thought of you, since you were a child. He would be glad to help you, and help himself at the same time, if you will allow him to do so; but that can pass over. I have something else of more importance to me to say. Jerome Edwards," said she, suddenly, and there was a new tone in her voice, "I want you to tell me just how matters stand between you and my daughter Lucina. I am her mother, and I have a right to know."

Jerome looked at her. His handsome young face was very white. "I—have been working hard to earn enough money to marry," he said, speaking quick, as if his breath failed him. "I lost my mill. I will not ask her to wait."

"You had a fortune, but you gave it away," returned Mrs. Merritt. "Well, we will not discuss that; that is not between you and me, or any human being if you did what you thought right. Lucina has twenty thousand dollars. You know that?"

Jerome nodded. "Yes," he replied, hoarsely.

"What difference will it make whether you have the money or your wife?"

"It makes a difference to me," cried Jerome then, with that old flash of black eyes which had intimidated the little girl Lucina in years past.

"And yet you say you love my daughter," said Mrs. Merritt, looking at him steadily.

"I love her so much that I would lay down my life for her," Jerome cried, fiercely, and there was a flare of red over his pale face.

"But not so much that you would sacrifice one jot or one tittle of your pride for her," responded Abigail Merritt, with sharp scorn. Suddenly she sprang up from her chair and stood before the young man, every nerve in her slight body quivering with the fire of eloquence. "Now listen, Jerome Edwards," said she. "I know who and what you are, and I know who and what my daughter is. I give you your full due. You have traits which are above the common, and out of the common; some which are noble, and some which render you dangerous to the peace of any one who loves you. I give you your full due, and I give my daughter hers. I can say it without vanity—it is the simple truth—Lucina has had her pick and choice among many. She could have wedded, had she chosen, in high stations. She has a face and character which win love for her wherever she goes. I am not here to offer or force my daughter upon any unwilling lover. If I had not been sure, from what she has told me, and from what I have observed, that you were perfectly honest in your affection for her, I should not have sent for you to-night. I—"

She stopped, for Jerome burst out with a passion which startled her.

"Honest! Oh, my God! I love her so that I am nothing without her. I love her more than the whole world, more than my own life!"

"Then give up your pride for her, if you love her," said Abigail, sharply.

"My pride!"

"Yes, your pride. You have given away everything else, but how dare you think yourself generous when you have kept the thing that is dearest of all? You generous—you! Talk of Simon Bassett! You are a miser of a false trait in your own character. You are a worse miser than he, unless you give it up. What are you that you should say, 'I will go through life, and I will give and not take?' What are you that you should think yourself better than all around you—that you should be towards your fellow-creatures as a god, conferring everything, receiving nothing? If you love my daughter, prove it. Take what she has to give you, and give her, what is worth more than money if you had the riches of Crœsus, the pride of your heart."

Jerome stood before her, looking at her. Then, without a word, he went across the room to a window and stood there, his back towards her, his face towards the moonlight night outside.

"Is it pride or principle?" he said, hoarsely, without turning his head.

"Pride."

Jerome stood silently at the window. Abigail watched him, her brows contracted, her fingers twitching; there were red spots on her cheeks. This had cost her dearly. She, too, had given up her pride for love of Lucina.

Jerome, with a sudden motion of his shoulders, as if he flung off a burden, left the window and crossed the room. He was very pale, but his eyes were shining. He towered over Mrs. Merritt with his splendid height, and she was woman enough, even then, to note how handsome he was. "Will you give me Lucina for my wife?" said he.

Tears sprang to Abigail's eyes: her little face quivered. She took Jerome's hand, pressed it, murmured something, and went out. Jerome understood that she had gone to call Lucina.

It was not long before he heard Lucina's step on the stairs, and the rustle of her skirts. Then there was a suspensive silence, as if she hesitated at the door; then the latch was lifted and she came in.

Lucina, in a straight-hanging gown of blue silk, stood still near the door, looking at Jerome with a wonderful expression of love and modest shrinking and trust and fear, and a gentle dignity and graciousness withal, which only a maiden's face can compass. Lucina did not blush nor tremble, though her steady poise seemed rather due to the repression of tremors than actual calm of spirit. Though no color came into Lucina's smooth, pale curves of cheek, and though her little hands were clasped before her, like hands of marble, her blue eyes were dilated, and pulses beat hard in her delicate throat and temples.

Jerome, on his part, was for a minute unable to speak or approach her. An awe of her, as of an angel, was over him, now that for the first time the certainty of possession was in his heart. It often happens that one receiving for the first time a great and long-desired blessing can feel, for the moment, not joy and triumph so much as awe and fear at its sudden glory of fairness in contact with his unworthiness.

But, all at once, as Jerome hesitated, a soft red came flaming over Lucina's face and neck, and tears of distress welled up in her eyes. Far it was from her to understand how her lover felt, for awe of herself was beyond her imagination, and a dreadful fear lest her mother had been mistaken, and Jerome did not want her after all, was in her heart. She gave him a little look, at once proud and piteously shamed, and put her hand on the door-latch; but with that Jerome was at her side and his arms were around her.

"Oh, Lucina," he said, "I am poor—I am poorer than when I spoke to you before. You must give all and I nothing, except myself, which seems to me as nothing when I look at you. Will you take me so?"

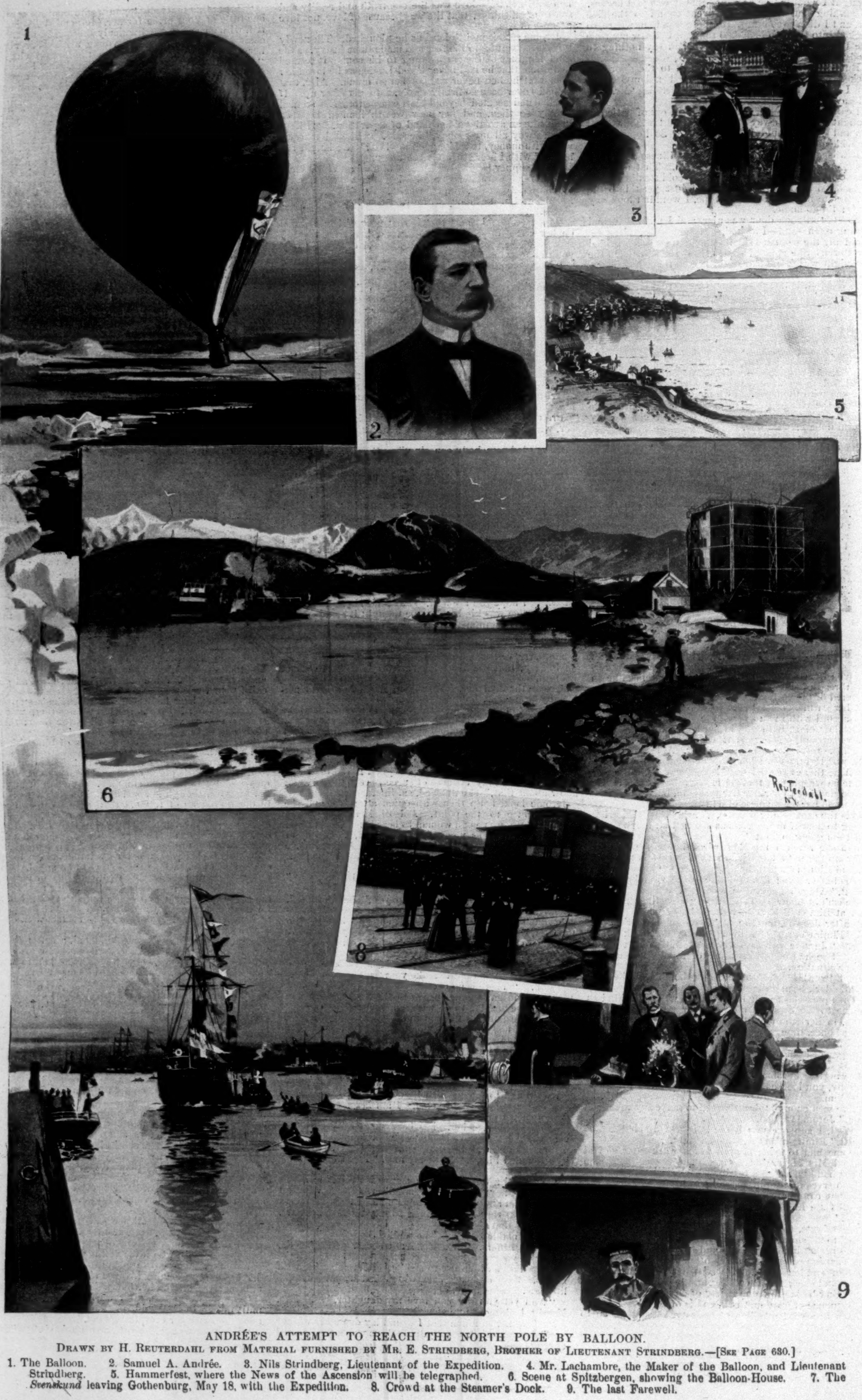
Then Lucina looked straight up in his face, and her blushes were gone, and her blue eyes were dark, as if from unknown depths of love and faithfulness. "Don't you know," she said, with an authoritative seriousness, which seemed beyond her years and her girlish experience—"don't you know that when I give you all I give to myself, and that if I did not give you all I could never give to myself, but should be poor all my life?

"And—and," continued Lucina, tremulously—for she was beginning to falter, being nerved to such length of assertive speech only by her wish to comfort and reassure Jerome—"don't you know—don't you know, Jerome, that—a woman's giving is all her taking, and—you wouldn't take the gingerbread, dear, and the money for the shoes, when we were both children—but maybe your—taking from—somebody who loves you is your—best giving—"

With that Lucina was sobbing softly on Jerome's shoulder, and he was leaning his face close to hers, whispering brokenly and kissing her hair and her cheek.

"It doesn't matter, after all, because you lost your mill, dear," Lucina said, presently, "because we have money enough for everything now."

"It is your money, for your own needs always," Jerome returned, quickly, and with a sudden recoil, as from a touch

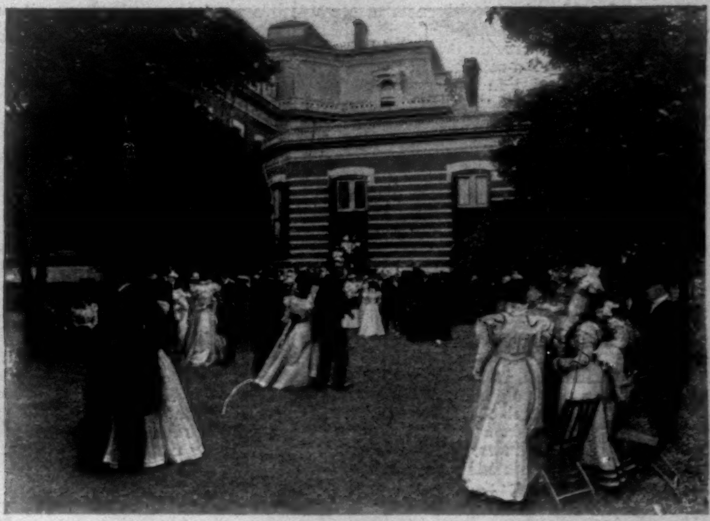


ANDRÉE'S ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE BY BALLOON.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM MATERIAL FURNISHED BY MR. E. STRINDBERG, BROTHER OF LIEUTENANT STRINDBERG.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

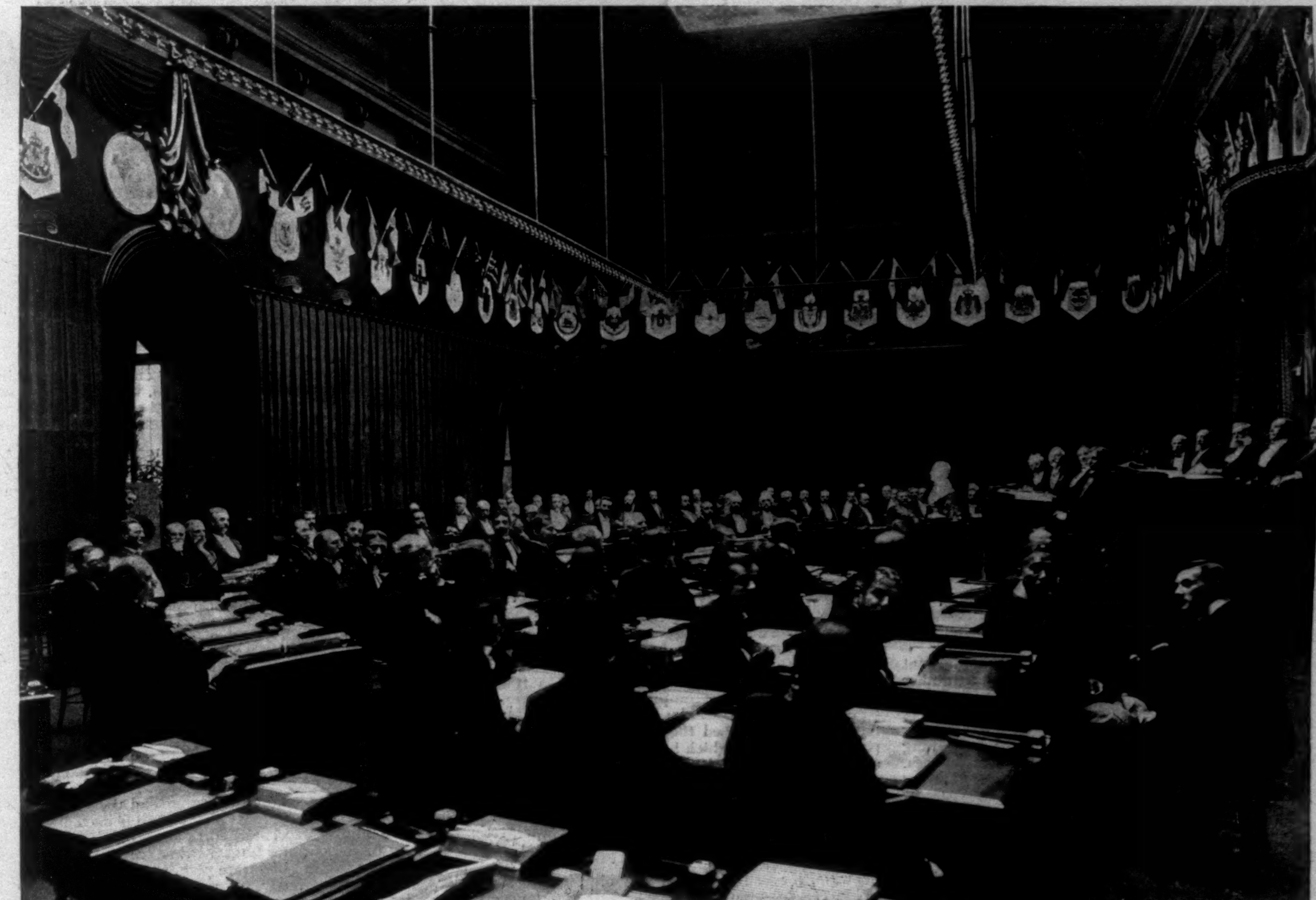
1. The Balloon. 2. Samuel A. Andrée. 3. Nils Strindberg, Lieutenant of the Expedition. 4. Mr. Lachambre, the Maker of the Balloon, and Lieutenant Strindberg. 5. Hammerfest, where the News of the Ascension will be telegraphed. 6. Scene at Spitzbergen, showing the Balloon-House. 7. The *Svenskund* leaving Gothenburg, May 18, with the Expedition. 8. Crowd at the Steamer's Dock. 9. The last Farewell.

AT MOUNT VERNON.
President Batcheller replying to Mr. Spencer Walpole's Address after the placing of a Wreath on Washington's Tomb.



AT THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE.
Lawn Party given in honor of the Congress by Sir Julian Pauncefote.

THE VISIT TO FORT MONROE—REGIMENTAL PARADE BY UNITED STATES TROOPS.



THE POSTAL CONGRESS IN SESSION IN THE OLD CORCORAN ART-GALLERY, WASHINGTON.

THE INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON—OFFICIAL AND SOCIAL FUNCTIONS PARTICIPATED IN BY ITS MEMBERS.—From Copyrighted Photographs by James Henry Harper, Washington, D.C.—[See Page 629.]

upon a raw surface, for the sensitiveness of a whole life cannot be hardened in a moment.

"No; it is yours too; he meant it so," said Lucina, with a little laugh. "You wait a minute and I will show you." With that Lucina fumbled in the pocket of her silken gown and produced a letter. "Read this, dear," said she, "and you will see what I mean."

"What is it?" asked Jerome, wonderingly, staring at the superscription, which was, "For Miss Lucina Merritt, to be opened and read by herself, at her pleasure and discretion, and to be read by herself and Jerome Edwards jointly on the day of their betrothal."

"Come over to the light and we will read it together," said Lucina.

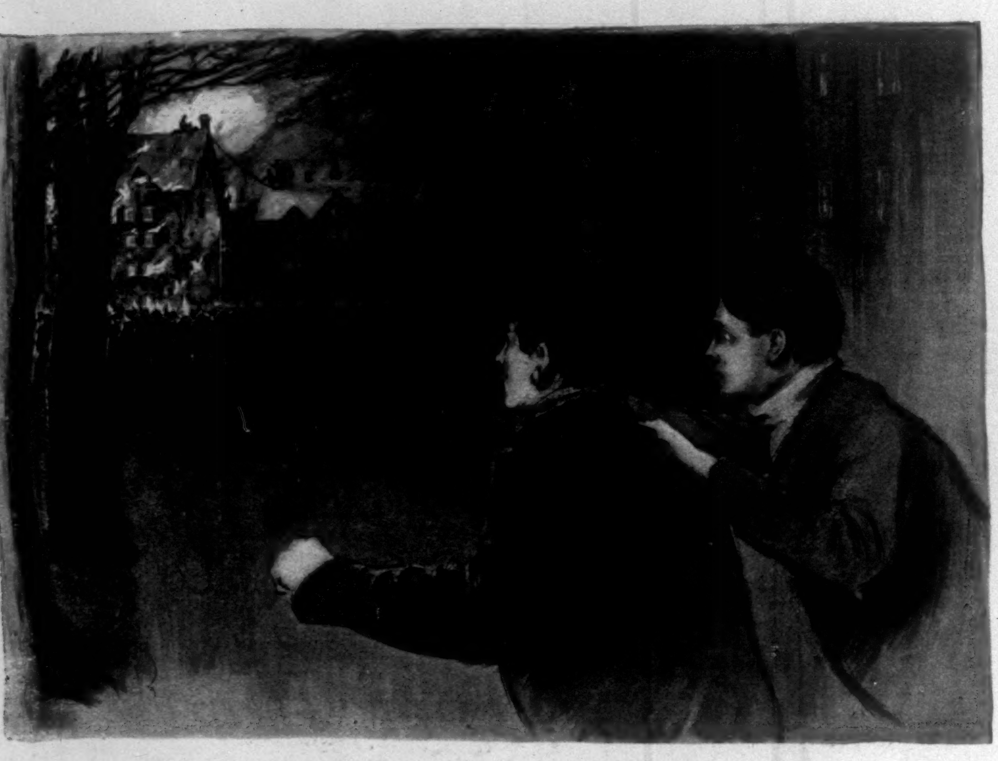
Jerome and Lucina sat down on the sofa under the branching candlestick and read the letter with their heads close together. The letter ran:

"Dear Mistress Lucina,—When this you read an old soldier will have fought his last battle, and his heart, which has held you as kindly as a father's, will have ceased to beat. But he prays that you will ever, in your own true and loving heart, save a place for his memory; and he begs you to accept as an earnest of his affection, with his fond wishes for your happiness, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, as specified in his last will and testament.

"And he furthermore begs that the said sum of twenty thousand dollars be regarded by you, when you wed Jerome Edwards, in the light of a dowry, to be employed by you both, for your mutual good and profit, during your married life. And this with my commendation for the wisdom of your choice, and my fervent blessing upon my foster son and daughter.

"I am, dear Mistress Lucina, your obedient servant to command, your devoted friend, and your affectionate foster-father, John Lamson."

THE END.



"THIS TIME SHE CAME DOWN WITH A RESOUNDING THUD, AND HELD FAST."

THE GRIND.

A Story of College Life.

BY D'ARCY MITCHELL.

"The fact is," said Van Anden, "Hastings ought to have been chairman of the *Star* board."

"But Lathrop had pulled old Tate's leg, and got solid with him; and what old Tate says goes, you know. Besides, the Sophomore societies were for him. Of course Lathrop isn't equal to Hastings, but he's a pretty slick fellow, after all; and when merit gets its deserts, the millennium will come—can't expect everything here below."

Sam Berry shrugged his shoulders and began to shuffle around, as though glad to dismiss a topic which rested somewhat on his conscience.

"By-the-bye," pursued Van Anden, who could not shake off things so easily, "Hastings has got a brother here—a Fresh; looks exactly like big Hastings, and they say he's a regular wag—gets off jokes; had two or three in the *Star* last month, anonymously, and does 'em for the *Fire-Cracker* right along. I heard that he was calling on a young lady the other night—bright girl enough. Can't think how she came to get caught so, for I know her; but they say it is a fact, and she was telling how her father was collecting marine curiosities for her. The steward in a certain restaurant knew this, and brought in a turtle-shell for the old gentleman to look at. She had arrived at this point in the tale when Fresh Hastings put in, 'Was it a real turtle shell or a mock turtle shell?' and then the girl colored up and said she really didn't know. She must get her father to ask the steward the very next time he went to the restaurant!"

"Oh, come now!" laughed Berry. "No grown-up girl could be quite such a goose as that!"

"Sounds like a true bill, though. Hullo! here's Temple. What's up with you, old man?"

"Cramming for debate at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Currency question's too deep me. Where's the pamphlet speech on the greenbacks that Constable said he lent to you?"

"Here it is; but wait a minute. Tell us who was your man for *Star* chairman," demanded Berry.

"Hastings," whispered Temple, looking apprehensively over his shoulder.

"Then why in thunder didn't you say so!" shouted Van Anden. "*You* can talk. *I* can't. We just let that society crowd run us like a flock of sheep. I believe we could have put Hastings in if we had had any go. I'm sick of this style of politics. Let that set have the management of the Prom, but for Heaven's sake and the sake of the reputation of our little school here, do let's have a magazine that's decent! Lathrop can lead the German and he understands neck-ties, but he never can put up anything but a weak literary job, and you know it as well as I do. There wasn't a man named for the position who, in my judgment, couldn't have done better than Lathrop; and we all knew it, and yet we never kicked." In his wrath, Van Anden flung himself on the upholstered window-seat, and tried to make amends for former omissions by kicking at a chair and upsetting it with a crash.

"Oh, come now," drawled Temple, "Lathrop isn't such a muff as you make out. I was walking with him only a few moments ago, and he made a pretty good conundrum. Let's see—what was it? oh, something like this: 'Why do they usually close a dance with a Virginia reel?' See if you can answer it, Berry."

"Because it is such a convenient thing to wind up with," rejoined Berry, with disgusted promptness. "I should say that that was just about Lathrop's size! Maybe you call that the sort of timber for a *Star* chairman, but I must say it doesn't quite meet my ideas."

"Oh, well," stammered Temple, embarrassed by Berry's ready solution of the puzzle (and his scorn of what seemed to Temple himself very fair wit), but still maintaining a degree of good-nature, "Hastings is all the better off for the future if he doesn't carry everything before him now. Wasn't it you who was howling down at the Lyceum the other night about the worthlessness of college glory?—a 'gewgaw' you called it, I believe; men who distinguised themselves in college seldom showed up much in later years; better not try to get too much ahead here, and all that sort of tommy-rot? Now if Hastings had got the *Star* chairmanship and the Lindley prize, as I believe you think he deserved to, he might be forever cut off from making his life work a success."

"Oh, rats! You ain't cutting any ice, Temple, and you know it. It's our business to limp along after the ideal, and all that. If the right men don't get the college honors, it is because most of us are such donkeys that we can't see the stuff in them, or such footless doughfaces that we don't dare go for them. If the world is really getting on, we ought to be putting the Hastings sort into our offices, not be manipulated like a lot of Tammany heelers by those who want the flesh-pots for themselves and their friends. By George! there goes Hastings on the other side of the campus now! That must be the cute little Freshy with him—does look like him, that's a fact." Berry dropped the somewhat dramatic and impassioned air with which he had been delivering himself, and resumed his regular student briskness.

The three men were standing at an upper window of Carleton, one of the newest dormitories of Brandon University, and quite the biggest and handsomest. Now Temple put in, in an explanatory and apologetic sort of way, "You see, Hastings is a Grind, that's the long and short of it—and the Grind, or the Dig, or the Shark, or whatever you choose to call him, is never popular. Why, Hastings must be the highest stand man in our class—one of the first three or four, anyway."

"Well, he's a good deal more than a Grind!" exclaimed Van Anden, warmly. "He's bright, and he's good at several kinds of athletics. This idea that if a fellow studies, and doesn't depend on trots and cribbing, he's a Queer, why—it's damned immoral, that's what it is!" which threw Temple and Berry into spasms of laughter, in spite of the excellence of the sentiment.

"Well, I've got to be a-gogging," gasped Temple, recovering himself. "You two fellows seem to have several hundred dry cuts always on hand, but I've none of any sort. Where's the greenback stuff?" And the little group separated.

Temple had been a good deal impressed by Van Anden's remarks. Temple was a Western man, had made Phi Beta Kappa, and was liked all around. He had influence. He honestly respected Tom Hastings, and was willing enough that he should have carried off the coveted chairmanship. He made up his mind now that if he ever again had a chance to do Hastings a good turn, why, he wouldn't miss it, that was all. Alas!

Hastings, the Junior Class man, roomed in Dightman Hall, a large plain dormitory facing the campus, opposite Carleton. Hastings, "Fresh," roomed in the top of Dunster, the loftiest of the college buildings, and only a few years built. On the very night after Van Anden, Berry, and Temple had talked about the two brothers, and had watched them as they walked along the campus, a fire broke out in the lower story of Dunster.

No man who was at Brandon then will ever forget that night. It happened several years ago, but they can all recall it as though it were yesterday. It is doubtful whether anything had ever before stirred those men, or anything will ever stir them, as that did.

There is a big bell in the tower of the chapel, just on the campus corner. It was two o'clock when that bell, just after striking the hour, began to ring wildly. Its horribly frightened jangle woke up three-fourths of the men on the campus inside of five minutes. They plunged into their clothes anyhow, and the whole scared herd—upward of four hundred of them—blackened the campus almost at once, uttering all sorts of yells and screeches. By that time the whole lower part of Dunster seemed to be ablaze. It was said that the floors were thicker than the partitions, which caused the fire to spread horizontally.

There was a rumor that a cigarette stump, still alight, had been carelessly thrown inside a closet door. Then the door had been shut, and the fire had slowly and noiselessly crept on until it had reached an oil-can. Then there had been an explosion. At first two Juniors were accused of the carelessness—for which, it was said, they had paid the penalty of their lives. Then it was reported to be two Sophomores, who had been brought out alive, but minus a few of their eyes, ears, and other belongings. In the end it turned out that the culpable ones had, as usual, escaped without any serious injury whatsoever.

While these and all sorts of stories were flying up and down the campus, only one thing was sure; there were at least thirty students in the two upper stories of Dunster, and there were no fire-escapes. Only one or two of the dormitories had fire-escapes, anyway. The higher education at Brandon concerns itself entirely with the minds of men, and leaves their bodies to get on as best they can, seemingly unmindful that the two have anything to do with each other's prosperity. No mediæval monastery could more naively ignore the basic principle of a higher life than does Brandon University at this end of the nineteenth century. There was almost no supervision of the janitor contingent of the vast establishment—and that same contingent was wofully short-handed. Unless the boys paid extra, which the poorer ones were, of course, unable to do, or unless they personally devoted themselves for an hour or so each day to their little housekeeping, their rooms were neglected, ill-odored, and dirty, and they were obliged to live in a condition approaching that of the dwellers in the slums of our great cities; but the worst feature of the case was shockingly revealed to-night—there was no fire-escape on five-story Dunster, the highest dormitory on the campus. Dightman stood at one end of Dunster, separated from it by fully a hundred feet of smooth turf. At the other end stood Derby, a four-story building, nearer than Dightman, but out of the reach of the longest-distance jumper on the college team. Between Derby and Dunster was a paved stone court.

Down the smoke-choked staircases of Dunster the third and fourth story men came by ones and twos, chalk-faced beneath their smudge of soot and burned hair—rolling, tumbling, half dead from fright and suffocation. Some of them had their hands full of such of their treasures as they could catch up as they passed by. More were empty-handed, and in only their night-gowns or pajamas.

"There's a dozen or more of 'em up there roasting to death," bellowed a big Freshman, who had somehow got down from the fifth story, and had given the alarm to such of his neighbors as he could inform as he leaped past their doors. He seized a tall policeman by the shoulders as he spoke, and shook him like mad.

"*I* can't get at 'em," whined the man in reply. "Nobody can't do nothin' till the ladders come. The two lower floors are like hell already."

Five minutes passed—priceless minutes, with life and death hanging on the use which might be made of every instant—yet not an engine had appeared. It was computed that the fourth-story men were now pretty much cleared out, but livid faces began to appear in the upper windows between the awful gusts of smoke. Fortunately, most of the wind was away from the campus. If it had not been for this fact, old Brandon would have lost its all that night. As it was, the village green, on the other side, lost all its beautiful maples and elms.

The campus was almost immediately strewn with trunks, desks, and all sorts of miscellaneous student property. At first the occupants of the nearest buildings, sure that the fire was going to take them too, had begun to throw their furniture from the windows upon the very heads of the gazing crowd. Enough policemen had collected in a few minutes, however, to stop that.

A cordon was next drawn around the great hall which was on fire. Then the faculty had collected in considerable numbers, and some sort of order had been established. By fifteen minutes from the time when the bell had begun to ring two engines were playing on the flames, and more were making ready. A rope and a sheet cordon had been let down from the fifth-story windows of Dunster, but the fierceness of the flames below, even on the campus side, which was that to windward, had shrivelled them in an instant. There seemed no escape possible for the poor fellows up there.

Suddenly on the roof of Derby appeared three or four figures, the foremost of whom was quickly recognized as that of Hastings, the Junior. These men were dragging something—something long and heavy. It was soon seen to be an enormous ladder, evidently made by binding together several shorter ones. It looked fully sixty or seventy feet long—as it would need to be in order to span the slanting distance to the roof of Dunster.

There was a rush of men toward Derby when they saw that the task of lifting this unwieldy structure and planting it against Dunster was likely to prove too much for the strength of the six or eight men who were wrestling with it. The chief fireman stopped this rush in an instant, and detailed a few picked students and a half-dozen brawny firemen to help in executing whatever plan was agog up there if it should prove to be feasible. That plan should have originated in the brains of those same firemen; but it had, in fact, been developed by the ingenuity of Hastings, the Junior, in his agonizing anxiety for his brother. The boy realized that the scheme was desperate, but there seemed to be nothing else.

He happened to know that several ladders used in its construction were still in the cellar of Carleton. There was a rope in another place that he knew of, and more rope in still another. With incredible swiftness he and his roommate, impressing such help as they could as they dashed in and out of Carleton, had jerked the ladders from their resting-place and up the staircases of Derby. Once on the top, they had lashed three of them together, fastening the knots with all their might, and cutting the ends with their pocket-knives. Then, when they were literally almost dead from their rapid and heavy work, (though they did not know it), they had attempted to raise the awkward structure, and then the crowd below had spied them.

At last a chain of men was formed up there, who held one another fast around the waist, and were also roped together. This chain extended quite across the long roof of Derby, and was stayed against the tall chimney at the further end. On the top of the near chimney stood two strong firemen attached to the chain of men by ropes. Another rope was tied to the top end of the ladder, which it was hoped to plant against the roof of Dunster. This top end was now standing high up in the sky. The lower end was against the chimney.

Five or six men, added to from moment to moment, until there were ten in all, had appeared on the roof of the burning building. They tried again and again to shout something, but no human voice could have been heard above that fiendish tumult—the roar of the flames, the wheezing and whistling of the engines, and the hubbub of the hoarse-voiced, maddened students in the mob below.

As soon as this miserable little company of men about to perish beheld the arrangements which were making on the top of Derby they made one solid rush toward their would-be rescuers, while those strong young backs were bending to the forlorn task before them, and launching the great ladder.

Breathlessly the crowd below watched, through the flitting, thickening wreaths of blood-tinged smoke, the tall triple ladder rise slowly in the air. They heard, even amid the awful fire-storm, the sound of excited voices counting in unison, "One, two, three—go!" But then she did not go where they meant to have her; she slid down, fully a foot short of the opposite cornice; and a howl of rage and anguish arose from below.

Then there was a readjustment. The firemen who had let the ladder fall had been dragged from their places and hurt—how badly no one could stop to see. By their own request they were left on a safe part of the roof, still tied with the rope which had saved their lives.

"For God's sake," they begged, between their groans, "let us go! *We* can stand it a while; *they* can't. Just get a good block in front of the chimney to stay the ladder on; there's room; and she'll hitch next time."

Two great stones from the coping were loosened somehow and shoved against the chimney. Then two more men were mounted on the chimney-top, and again the mighty ladder rose in air. This time she came down with a resounding thud, and held fast, on the edge of Dunster. Then the shout which went up might have been heard in heaven. Some of the men who helped to utter it have not had good throats since that night.

The men on Dunster seemed to go crazy with joy. They waved their arms, and danced up and down, and embraced one another with delight. In spite of the mighty streams of water directed upon the conflagration, the seething gulf of fire was gaining on the roof fearfully every minute. It was hopeless now to think of saving any part of the dormitory. The firemen were only trying to keep the flames in check until the work of rescue might be accomplished.

One man stepped presently upon the narrow ladder. Only one could pass at a time, but there was no pressing forward to get on first. The men were seen to be urging one another. Old Brandon had not taught them her lessons in vain. They were heroes, every one. They brought to mind the Duke of Wellington's remark when ruder men sneered at the delicate complexions and feminine fingers of the sons of the English nobility among his soldiers. "Yes," he said; "but the puppies fight well." These gently reared, home-petted boys, standing on the margin of eternity, bore themselves like brave soldiers in battle.

It was a chilly March night, and helpers were at hand with restoratives and clothing for each exhausted man as he tumbled fainting into the arms of his comrades on Derby. The firemen had been spraying the whole top of it for some time. The workers there were all wet to the skin, and the roof had become very slippery. If there had not been a low but substantial coping around the roof, these men might have been saved from the fire only to perish by a frightful fall.

It took only a few moments to accomplish the passage of the ten men, and then the roof of Dunster was emptied of human inhabitants. Rapid words were exchanged, and it was seen that four men were still unaccounted for. Among these was Tom Hastings's brother.

Then the crowd saw a man ascending the ladder toward Dunster. A wet blanket had been lassoed over ahead of him. It might, with him, have proved too heavy for the frail bridge. Once over, the man was seen to wrap his head in the blanket, and then, though flames were sullenly spitting through the nearest scuttle-hole, to drop into the awful maelstrom of fire and smoke below. The word spread like lightning that this was Hastings in search of his brother, and his name arose over and over in discordant and fitful but admiring shouts.

"His room is the nearest campus room to Derby!" yelled one who knew; but from the windows of the "nearest campus room to Derby" lurid balls of smoke were issuing. Was it possible that any human being could enter that room and live?

It seemed ages before anything further developed, though it could hardly have been more than three or four minutes. There was no doubt that every floor and staircase on the Dightman side of Dunster was down. How could that upper floor still anywhere support a human foot, when every window in it was aglow?

But at last the blanketed figure emerged from the furnace into which he had plunged. He was staggering under some sort of a burden. Now men fainted dead away on the campus, but nobody could stop to attend to them. Firemen and policemen cried like babies. Not one of them had ever thought to see Tom Hastings alive again.

And now how, in Heaven's name, could he descend that frail, sagging, slippery ladder? He was evidently almost gone from suffocation or from overstrain, and his burden was almost as large as himself. The slender spliced structure was already bent and swaying. A little more of a bend and the Dunster end must go down. Or the fire which was eating away at the stone walls might undermine them at any moment, and then—

Through the flying clouds of smoke, illumined by the wild sweep of the flames, this is what the hundreds below finally saw: They saw Tom Hastings fling off his wet blanket. Then he slowly lifted on his back the burden, plainly a helpless, unconscious man. Handicapped in this appalling way, the Grind, as Berry had called him, essayed the dangerous passage down the ladder. By this time mattresses drenched with water had been piled high in the area between Derby and Dunster. At least, if the boy fell—thought a thousand honest fellows with a gulp when they saw these precautions taken—at least he wouldn't be dashed to pieces on the stones.

With feverish suspense the crowd watched the intrepid man as he unfalteringly pursued his desperate journey. He took four short steps—then he retraced them, evidently distrusting either his own or the ladder's strength. When a black impenetrable mass of smoke which just then drifted by let them see him again, he had laid his burden down and was tying him with ropes. Then one rope was flung over to the top of Derby, where eager hands caught it and began to pull the feet of the burden toward them. Alone and unaided Tom Hastings was bracing himself for the support of the burden's shoulders. Back of him vivid shoots of flame were creeping dangerously near. The roof, not twenty feet away, caved in with a horrible crash, and a brilliant pillar of flame arose from the spot to the very zenith—yet Tom Hastings did not budge. He paid out the rope which held the burden's shoulders deliberately and cautiously, until it was almost over to the other side. The watching multitude were almost breathing again, when there was another frightful crash; and the brave fellow on Dunster was seen to totter, to let go the rope to which he had held so faithfully—and then every one covered his eyes who could do it, and they cried out as one man whose heart is broken. Tom Hastings fell backward into the pitiless flames, while the ladder hurtled down the space between the buildings and landed on the pile of kindly mattresses which had been meant for poor Tom himself in his extremity.

But the burden did not go. Stout men above had held fast to it, and they slowly drew it up to them—a scorched, blackened, disjointed thing, once a man, whose own mother would not have known him now; but alive, as they soon found out, and, after a season of splints and medicines, likely to be as good as ever. It was only when the soot had been washed away from the bald, burnt creature that it was found that Tom Hastings had really saved his own brother—that merry, joking boy, whose light heart could never quite come back to him again.

The firemen saved Dightman and Derby, but most of the things in them were ruined by water. Their owners, however, did not mind that one little bit. Every man in college would have given all that he possessed to restore to life again Tom Hastings and the three men—Freshmen all—who roomed in Dunster, and who have never been heard of since that awful night. Did they waken and struggle with their frightful doom? Or were they mercifully smothered in unconsciousness, to pass away in dreams of home and loved ones? Who shall say?

Tom Hastings has been canonized by the university. When Dunster was rebuilt, two years later, a marble tablet was set into its most prominent wall, memorializing the heroism of the man who saved eleven lives that night at the cost of his own. No college man has ever read the inscription on that tablet without a lump in his throat. You see, it was written by one of the professors, who worked on the top of Derby that night and saw everything. But none of those who saw it can tell all about it. They have to stop in the very middle. Most of them can't even write it.

When Hastings's brother came to himself, he asked, first of all, "Where's Tom?" They put him off for a while, but at last they had to tell him. By that time his mother had come from Baltimore. At first they had thought that she was going all to pieces, but she had rallied after a little, and said: "I ought not to grieve so. He was only doing as I had told him to do a score of times. I had said, 'Take care of your little brother, Tom, even if you have to give up everything to do it.' I didn't think how much that meant, but *he* understood, and he has done it. He was a hero, and I ought to thank God for the example he has set." She had added, "If this terrible thing only makes the faculty put fire-escapes on all their buildings, I shall feel as though I had not given my son in vain."

But it seems as though the life of such a man as Tom Hastings, and those of the three Freshmen who died in upper Dunster that night, murdered by the negligence and stupidity of the college authorities, was an exorbitant price to pay for the comparatively cheap and simple device called a fire-escape—which even skinflint landlords often provide for common tenement-houses. However, every dormitory at Brandon has them now, and Tom Hastings's mother is somewhat comforted.

And the next class actually filled most of their offices on the merit system. They had heard of the remorse of the class ahead of them when Tom Hastings had passed forever out of reach of their little gifts—remorse because they had not given him his due while he was with them.

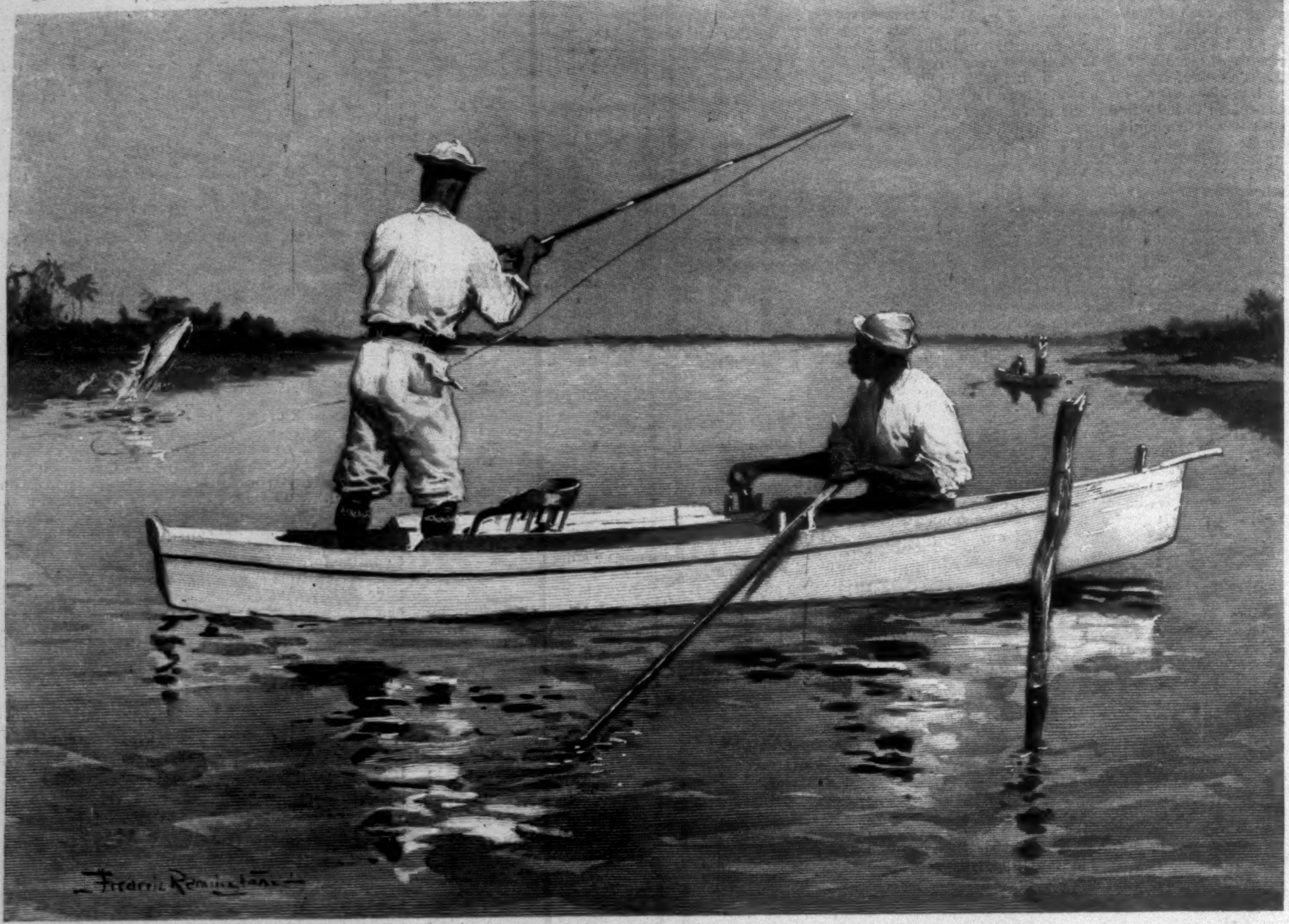
And there is no university in the world where the Grind is held in higher esteem than at Brandon.

LONDON.

June 1, 1897.

I am afraid there are, at this moment, only two notes for a communication from London to strike. One is that of the plunge into the deep and turbid waters of the Jubilee; the other is that of the inevitable retreat from them—the backward scramble up the bank and scurry over its crest and out of sight. London is in a sorry state; nevertheless I judge that the number of persons about to arrive undaunted will not fall substantially short of the number of horror-stricken fugitives. Not to depart is practically to arrive; for there is little difference in the two kinds of violence, the shock you await or the shock that awaits you. Let me hasten, however, to declare that—to speak for the present only of the former of these—the prospect is full of suggestion, the affair promises a rare sort of interest. It began a fortnight since to be clear—and the certitude grows each day—that we are to be treated to a revelation really precious, the domestic or familiar vision, as it were, the back-stairs or under-side view of a situation that will rank as celebrated. Balzac's image of *l'envers de l'histoire contemporaine* is in fact already under our nose, already offered us in a big, bouncing, unmistakable case. We brush with an irreverent hand the back of the tapestry—we crawl on unabashed knees under the tent of the circus. The commemoration of the completed sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign will figure to the end of time in the roll of English wonders, and can scarcely fail to hold its own as an occasion unparalleled. And yet we touch it as we come and go—we feel it mainly as a great incommodity. It has already so intimate, so ugly, so measurable a side that these impressions begin to fall into their place with a kind of representative force, to figure as a symbol of the general truth that the principal pomps and circumstances of the historic page have had their most intense existence as material and social arrangements, disagreeable or amusing accidents, affecting the few momentary mortals at that time in the neighborhood. The gross defacement of London, the uproarious traffic in seats, the miles of unsightly scaffolding between the West End and the City, the screaming advertisements, the sordid struggle, the individual questions—"Haven't we been cheated by the plausible wretch?" or "How the devil shall we get *to* our seats after paying such a lot, hey?"—these things are actually the historic page. If we are writing that page every hour, let us, at any rate, commend ourselves for having begun betimes, even though this early diligence be attended with extraordinary effects. The great day, a week ago, was still a month off, but what we even then had full in view was, for the coming stretch of time, a London reduced to such disfigurement as might much better seem to consort with some great national penance or mourning. The show, when the show comes off, is to last but a couple of hours; and nothing so odd, surely, ever occurred in such a connection as so huge a disproportion between the discipline and the joy. If this be honor, the simple may well say, give us, merciful powers, the rigor of indifference! From Hyde Park Corner to the heart of the City, and over the water to the solid south, the long line of thoroughfares is masked by a forest of timber and smothered in swaggering posters and catchpenny bids, with all of which, and with the vociferous air that enfolds them, we are to live, these next weeks, in such comfort as we may. The splendor will have, of course, to be great to wash down the vulgarity—and infinitely dazzling no doubt it will be; yet even if it falls short I shall still feel that, let the quantity of shock, as I have ventured to call it, be what it must, it will, on the whole, be exceeded by what I have ventured to call the quantity of suggestion. This, to be frank, has even now rolled up at such a rate that, to deal with it, I should scarce know where to take it first. Let me not therefore pretend to deal, but only glance and pass.

The foremost, the immense impression is of course the constant, the permanent, the ever-supreme—the impression of that greatest glory of our race, its passionate feeling for trade. I doubt if the commercial instinct be not, as London now feels it throb and glow, quite as striking as any conceivable projection of it that even our American pressure of the pump might, at the highest, produce. That is the real tent of the circus—that is the real back of the tapestry. There have long, I know, been persons ready to prove by book that the explanation of the "historical event" has always been somebody's desire to make money; never, at all events, from the near view, will that explanation have covered so much of the ground. No result of the fact that the Queen has reigned sixty years—no sort of sentimental or other associations with it—begins to have the air of coming home to the London conscience like this happy consequence of the chance, on it, to sell something dear. As yet that chance is the one sound that fills the air, and will probably be the only note audibly struck till the plaudits of the day itself begin to substitute, none too soon, a more mellifluous one. When the people are all at the windows and in the trees and on the water-spouts, house-tops, scaffolds, and other ledges and coigns of vantage set as traps for them by the motive power, *then*, doubtless, there will be another aspect to reckon with—then we shall see, of the grand occasion, nothing but what is decently and presentably historic. All I mean is that, pending the apotheosis, London has found in this particular chapter of the career of its aged sovereign only an enormous selfish advertisement. It came to me the other day, in a quoted epigram, that the advertisement shows as far off as across the Channel and all the way to Paris, where one of the reflections it has suggested—as it must inevitably suggest many—appears to be that, in contrast, when, a year ago, the Russian sovereigns were about to arrive, no good Parisian thought for a moment of anything but how he could most work for the adornment of his town. I dare say that, in fact, from a good Parisian or two, a window or a tree was to be hired; but the echo is at least interesting *as* an echo, not less than as a reminder of how we still wait here for the outbreak of the kind of enthusiasm that shall take the decorative form. The graceful tip of its nose has, it must be admitted, yet to show. But there are other sides still, and one of them immense—the light we may take as flooding, I mean, the whole question of the solidity of the throne. It is impossible to live long in England without feeling that the monarchy is—below-



TARPON-FISHING IN FLORIDA—THE JUMP.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 643.]

ground, so to speak, in particular—a rock; but it was reserved for these days to accentuate the immobility of even that portion of the rock which protrudes above the surface. It is being tested, in a manner, by fire, and it resists with a vitality nothing short of prophetic. The commercial instinct, as I say, perches upon it with a security and a success that banish a rival from the field. It is the biggest of all draws for the biggest of all circuses; it will bring more money to more doors than anything that can be imagined in its place. It will march through the ages unshaken. The coronation of a new sovereign is an event, at the worst, well within the compass of the mind, and what will that bring with it so much as a fresh, lively market and miles of new posters and new carpentry? Then, who knows?—coronations will, for a stretch and a change, perhaps, be more frequent than anniversaries; and the bargains struck over the last will, again at the worst, carry an hilarious country well on to the next. Has not the monarchy moreover—besides thus periodically making trade roar—the lively merit, for such an observer as I fancy considering these things, of helping more than anything else the answers to the questions into which our actual curiosity most overflows; the question, for instance, of whether, in the case before us, the triumph of vulgarity be not precisely the flushed but muscular triumph of the inevitable? If vulgarity thrones now, on the house-tops, "blown" and red in the face, is it not because it has been pushed aloft by deep forces and is really, after all, itself the show? The picturesque, at any rate, has to meet the conditions. We miss, we regret the old "style" of history; but the style would, I think, be there if we would let it: the age has a manner of its own that disconcerts, that swamps it. The age is the loudest thing of all. What has altered is simply the conditions. Poor history has to meet them, these conditions; she must accommodate herself. She must accept vulgarity or perish. Some day, doubtless, she *will* perish; but for a little while longer she remembers and struggles. She becomes indeed, as we look up Piccadilly in the light of this image, perhaps rather more dramatic than ever—at any rate more pathetic, more noble in her choked humiliation. Then, even as we pity her, we try perhaps to bring her round, to make her understand a little better. We try to explain that if we are dreadful to deal with, it is only, really, a good deal because we so detestably grow and grow. There is so horribly much of us—that's where *our* style breaks down. Small crowds and paltry bargains didn't matter, and a little vulgarity—just a very little—could in other times manage to pass. Our shame, alas, is our quantity.

I have no sooner, none the less, qualified it so ungraciously than I ask myself what, after all, we should do without it. If we have opened the floodgates we have at least opened them wide, and it is our very quantity that perhaps in the last resort will save us. It cuts both ways, as the phrase is—it covers all the ground; it helps the escape as well as produces the assault. If retreat, for instance, at the present juncture, is, as I began by hinting, urgently imposed, it is thanks to our having so much of everything that we find a bridge for our feet. We hope to get off in time, but meanwhile, even on the spot, there are blessed alternatives and reliefs. I have been trying a number, very hard; but I have expatiated so on the complaint that I have left little room for the remedy. London reminds one of nothing so often as of the help she gives one to forget her. One of the forms actually taken by this happy habit is the ingenious little exhibition, at the Grafton Galleries, of so-called Dramatic and Musical Art. The name is rather a grand one, and the show has many gaps; but it profits, as such places, in London, so often profit, by the law that makes you so often care less what you get into than what you get out of. With its Hogarths and Zoffanys—none too many, I admit—its other last-century portraits and relics, its numerous ghosts of Garrick, its old play-bills and prints, its echoes of dead plaudits and its very thin attendance, it happens to be for the moment a quiet bower in the bear-garden. It is a "scratch" company, but it is only—I can scarce say why—in the portion in which the portraits of the day prevail that the impression is vulgar. Even there indeed this impression receives a grand lift from Mr. Whistler's exquisite image of Henry Irving as the Philip of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." To pause before such a work is in fact to be held to the spot by just the highest operation of the charm one has sought there—the charm of a certain degree of melancholy meditation. Meditation indeed forgets Garrick and Hogarth and all the handsome heads of the Kembles in wonder reintensified at the attitude of a stupid generation toward an art and a taste so rare. Wonder is perhaps, after all, not the word to use, for how *should* a stupid generation, liking so much that it does like, and with a faculty trained to coarser motions, recognize in Mr. Whistler's work one of the finest of all distillations of the artistic intelligence? To turn from his picture to the rest of the show—which, of course, I admit, is not a collection of masterpieces—is to drop from the world of distinction, of perception, of beauty and mystery and perpetuity, into—well, a very ordinary place. And yet the effect of Whistler at his best is exactly to give to the place he hangs in—or perhaps I should say to the person he hangs for—something of the sense, of the illusion, of a great museum. He isolates himself in a manner all his own; his presence is in itself a sort of implication of a choice corner. Have we, in this, a faint foresight of the eventual turn of the wheel—of one of the nooks of honor, those innermost rooms of great collections, in which our posterity shall find him? Look at him, at any rate, on any occasion, but above all at his best, only long enough, and hallucination sets in. We are in the presence of one of the prizes marked with two stars in the guide-book; the polished floor is beneath us and the rococco roof above; the great names are ranged about, and the eye is aware of the near window, in its deep recess, that looks out on old gardens or on a celebrated *place*.

One of the curiosities in Grafton Street is Mr. Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth; which reminds me that I some time ago, in this place, recorded a vow to the painter in question which I shall perhaps never have a better chance than the present to redeem. His wondrous portrait of Coventry Patmore is now admirably hung in the National Portrait Gallery—a better place still than Grafton Street, at this moment, for shaking off the incubus. The National Portrait Gallery, in the brightness—if brightness be the word—of its new and final home, deserves more commemoration than I find opportunity to give it. It is intrinsically so great a monument and so interesting a show that one hangs back a little from meeting the occasion it offers to deplore afresh the baleful influence, the penny-wisdom—whatever it be to be called—that, for the most part, in London, blights such undertakings. Great and interesting and, at least—to avert a longer scandal, substantially if grudgingly housed, these treasures have been treated with the usual meagreness and given a setting which, besides being already a tight fit, is guiltless of a single element of style. If they triumph, therefore, they triumph by their remarkable character. One reflection, of course, is prompt—the inevitable want of coincidence between character of subject and character of portrayal. The great painters—so far as they appear at all—have often painted the small celebrities, and the small painters the great ones. On the whole, however, nothing is more striking than the number of honored persons who have been agreeably figured. If the biggest pictures are not the biggest people—for both the legal and the regal professions enjoy, I think, an undue acreage—there are many mementos that, as well as being precious on any terms, are both modest and charming. A treasure of treasures is Hogarth's tiny portrait of himself at work in his perfect little dress of a green velvet coat and wine-colored breeches, a masterpiece of pleasant tone and reduced life. Delightful is Joseph Severn's small John Keats, in queer pantaloons and flat-soled pumps, trying, near a window that opens upon Hampstead Heath, to make himself comfortable, over Shakespeare or Spenser, on two impossible chairs—on the bare back of one of them in particular, and on a tired elbow and a brow-supporting palm; above all on what we fancy a headache delicious to posterity. One of the greatest good fortunes perhaps—if not absolutely for posterity, at least for the original—is Sir Frederick Burton's admirable drawing of George Eliot, as fine an example as can be met of the "sympathetic" control of elements that might well at first have appeared uncontrollable. Mr. Sargent's picture—the subject so rich in character as to be a prize for a painter—hangs in the company of the great array of canvases presented by Mr. Watts to the nation, his own series of heads of distinguished contemporaries. Never more sharply than here, I think, has Mr. Watts brought home to us the space that separates his custom and habit from his few highest flights. No painter, surely, was ever so much better or worse than another as this one is, on occasion, better or worse than himself. Much his finest thing, in Trafalgar Square, is his splendid William Morris. Not a little of the rest is silence. On this odd phenomenon there would be more to say, were it not that every lesson fades, in the halls in question, in the light of the great moral phrased for us by the Tudor and Stuart groups. This moral, startling perhaps in its levity, is simply the glory of costume, the gospel of clothes. From the ages of costume to the ages of none the drop is more than pitiful, and distinction is shattered by the fall. If you are to be represented, if you are to be perpetuated, in short, it is nothing that you be great or good—it is everything that you be dressed.

HENRY JAMES.

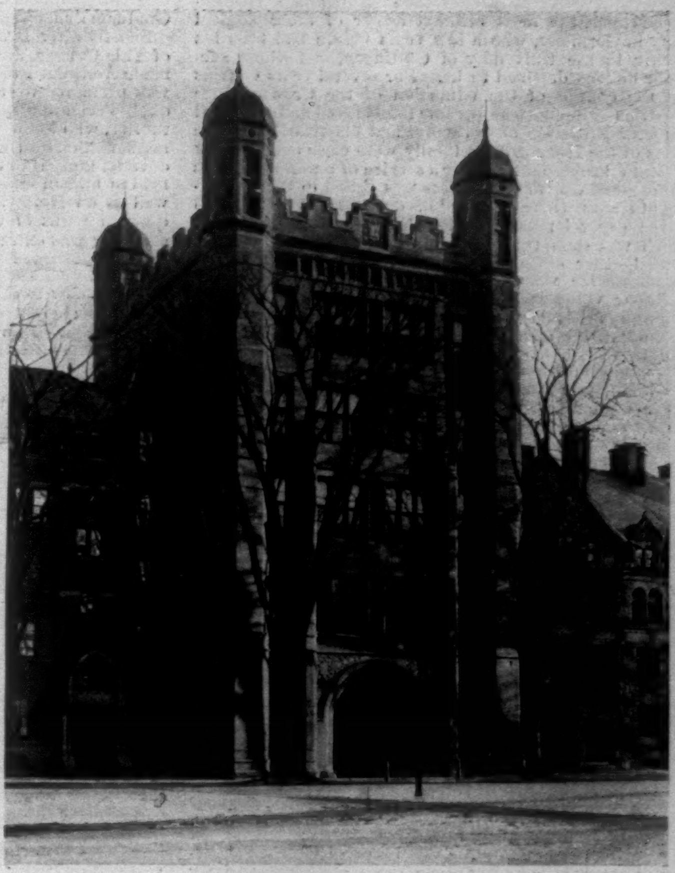
THEODORVS DWIGHT WOOLSEY

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.
Gold Medal struck in 1881 to commemorate the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Appointment as Professor of Greek.

A CENTURY OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT YALE.

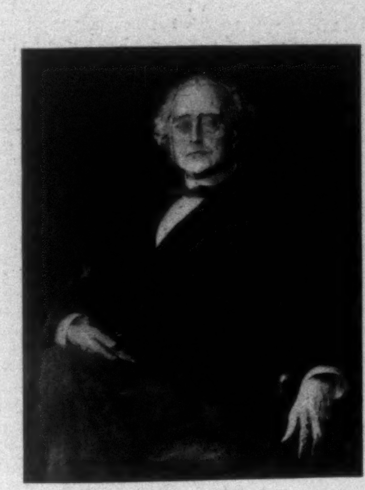
DURING the last few months public attention has been called to the classical department of Yale University by two unusual events. In October last Phelps Hall, the new gateway to the college grounds, and one of the most magnificent buildings on the campus, was devoted to the use of the department of classical studies. This was the gift of the late Hon. William Walter Phelps (Yale, 1860), United States minister to Germany, his father, and his family, and is the only great building in the country which not only is exclusively devoted to the department of classics, but contains all the seminary, lecture, and recitation rooms of that department, with a special library. Only a few weeks ago the Yale University library received, as a gift of Joshua M. Sears, Esq. (Yale, 1877), of Boston, the library of the distinguished historian and archæologist the late Ernst Curtius, of Berlin. These books, added to the like books already possessed by Yale, make its collection the best in the country of works on classical archæology and art, Greek history and topography.

Phelps Hall stands in the middle of the new row of buildings on the east of the college quadrangle, of which it forms the principal entrance. It has Lawrance Hall on the north, and Welch Hall on the south. As one looks through its great arch to the east, he sees the famous New Haven Green, still honoring the wisdom of the fathers who set it apart for public use in 1638, with its fresh green grass and great elms; as one looks to the west, he sees before him the statue of President Woolsey and the fine stone-work of the old Library. The position and proportions of the new hall have suggested epigrammatic remarks to friendly orators, who comment upon the classical department as still manifestly forming the gateway for admission to Yale College, and as towering high, ever distinguished, in the work of the college. The opening of Phelps Hall was celebrated on October 9, 1896, with an address by Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University, a lecture by Dr. Dörpfeld, the head of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, and a reception which was attended by professors and presidents of about thirty of the chief colleges and universities of America. The building contains twelve ordinary rooms for lectures and recitations; two smaller rooms for advanced classes, where the teacher and students sit around a long table, as an informal gathering of comrades in research; two suites of rooms for officers in the department; and a large room for the Classical Club and its library. The room last mentioned is the most important in the building, one hundred and thirty steps removed from the ground, yet easily accessible by means of an elevator. It occupies one-half of the fifth floor, being about fifty feet in length and half that in breadth, with windows looking out upon the city and the sea, from East Rock and the "Smokies" around to West Rock and Long Island. It is furnished with handsome oak shelves for more than three thousand volumes, with long and broad oak tables for the use of readers, a cabinet for photographs with drawers which can be removed and taken to lecture-rooms by instructors, and two cabinets of drawers that each worker may have a "locker" for his papers. This upper floor of Phelps Hall is the centre of advanced philological study at Yale. Here the graduates and the more advanced undergraduates have the advantages of an excellent private library—better than the public philological libraries of most colleges—and the stimulus of companionship in research. The importance of a collection of the best books of reference and a certain amount of archæological material in the immediate vicinity of the lecture-rooms for advanced students is manifest. Laboratories and museums are needed for philologists as well as for chemists and geologists. The student must be brought as near as possible to the "raw material." Thus easy access to fac-similes of manuscripts, maps, photographs of places and of works of art, plaster casts, paper casts of inscriptions, as well as the great published collections of inscriptions, etc., is needed by one who is to attain mastery in the modern science of classical philology, including literature. These books and photographs are for the most part duplicates of works in the university library.

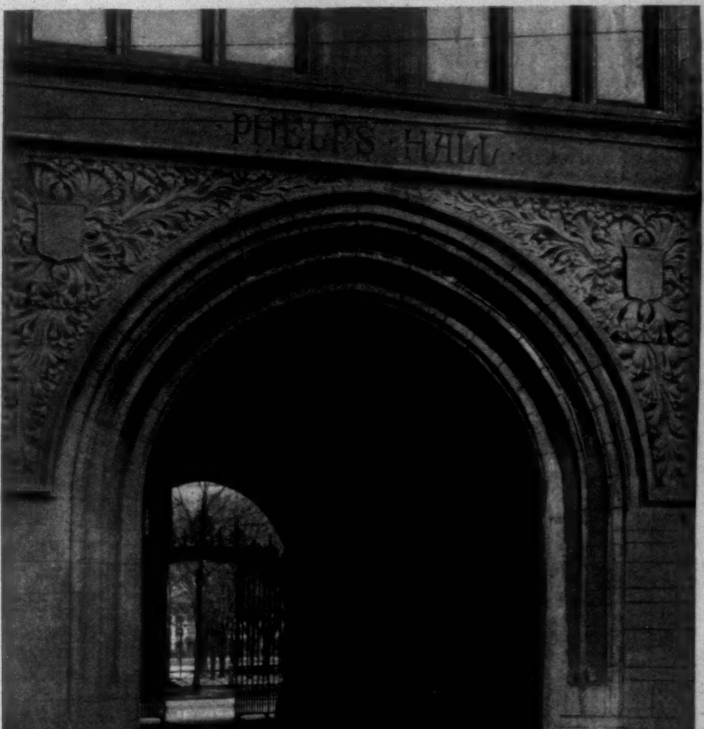


PHELPS HALL, YALE UNIVERSITY, FROM THE CAMPUS.

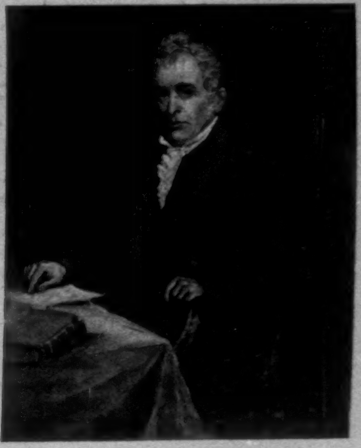
With reference to this modern philology, the addition to the university library of the books of Ernst Curtius is particularly important. The Berlin professor's library was not particularly large—only 3500 volumes and as many pamphlets—but it has unusual scientific as well as commercial value. For nearly sixty years he had been a student of Greek archæology. He spent four years in Greece as a young man, at a time when Athens was as remote from Germany as the Victoria Nyanza is now; and in Greece he had the advantage of travelling with Ritter, the master of the science of geography, who taught him in travelling how to observe the conformation of the country, and the influence of mountains and rivers upon the his-



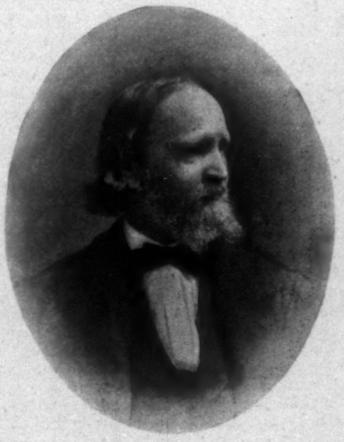
ERNST CURTIUS.
From a Painting by Reinhold Lepsius.



THE ARCHWAY OF PHELPS HALL, LOOKING EAST.



JAMES LUCE KINGSLEY.



WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

JAMES HADLEY.

tory of a people. At a later time he travelled with Otfried Müller, the most brilliant leader of archæological study in Germany, who a few years before had been his teacher in the University of Göttingen, and whose successor he was destined to be. For several years Curtius had the charge of the education of the Crown-Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, who became the beloved and lamented Emperor Frederick of Germany, and his relations to the heads of the Hohenzollern family were close and friendly beyond all precedent. After a service of a dozen years as professor at Göttingen, Curtius was called to the University of Berlin, where he ended his days. He is best known to the general reading public by his history of Greece, which was soon translated into English, as well as into several other modern languages, and published in five volumes. He was the public orator of his university, and four volumes have been gathered of his addresses on public occasions. His more abstruse scientific works need not detain us here. Perhaps the most distinguished achievement of his life was his success in securing the excavations on the site of Olympia, the home of the old Greek Olympic games, and one of the holy places of that nation, enriched by works of art like the Hermes of Praxiteles, which is recognized now as one of the finest marble statues known to man. These excavations were conducted at a cost of $100,000 by the German government, which no one else could have persuaded to this undertaking. In Curtius's library, then, one finds of course all the magnificent sets of publications with regard to Olympia; a full set (thirty or more folio volumes) of the various collections of Greek and Latin inscriptions; the publications of the old Archæological Institute in Rome, and those of its successor, the Archæological Institute of Germany; and almost all other great archæological publications. Such books as these are not only issued in small editions, and thus necessarily expensive, but are costly also because of the elaborate illustrations required. This collection of Curtius, in general, has been carefully winnowed; only the wheat remains—the chaff has been dropped by the wayside. The study of classical archæology in this country must be stimulated and nourished by such a library as Yale now possesses.

Yale University is a fitting home for the library of Curtius, with whom an unusually large number of Yale scholars had been brought into personal relations. This college was the first institution in America to possess a good classical library—many fine old folios of Greek and Roman literature, including some from the library of Sir Isaac Newton, having been sent to it from England in 1733 by the philosopher Berkeley, the Bishop of Cloyne, and his friends, so that at the opening of the nineteenth century the younger college had a much better collection of the classic authors than its older sister by the Charles, although the collection was still far from complete. Several of our academies of the present day have fuller libraries of classical books, and pursue the study of Greek and Latin further than did either Yale or Harvard in 1800.

The "revival of learning" in this country really dates from 1805, when the course of study at Harvard was improved, and James Luce Kingsley, a graduate of only six years' standing, who had been tutor since 1801, was appointed by Yale its Professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. In order that his chair might not be a sinecure, he was to lecture also on ecclesiastical history. As yet Harvard had no permanent Professor of Greek or Latin, its learned Dr. Popkin being appointed in 1815. Indeed, at that time the number of students at Harvard was decidedly smaller than at Yale, which for some years had held the "primacy" among American colleges. But we should not suppose that Professor Kingsley gave all the instruction in the subjects of his professorship. On the contrary, the teaching was done mainly by tutors, and he had far fewer hours of class-room exercises than his successors of to-day. He had the general supervision of the work, and met each class during one term of its course for lectures. After twelve years, in 1817, Professor Kingsley was relieved of his duties in connection with ecclesiastical history, and fourteen years later, in 1831, Theodore Dwight Woolsey came to Yale as Professor of Greek, while a little before this the instruction in Hebrew had been put under the charge of Professor Gibbs; but Professor Kingsley continued as Professor of Latin until 1851, the term of his service as instructor being rounded out to a full half-century. Dr. Woolsey achieved so high a reputation later as the president of Yale College and an authority on all matters of international law that his services as a classical scholar are relegated to the background in the ordinary picture of college life. But he was the first scholar of our country to receive a thorough philological training in Germany and in France, a contemporary of George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, and George Bancroft, the historian of America. Woolsey continued to perform the duties of his Greek professorship, together with those of the president of the college, until 1851, and his Greek books, which he finally presented to the college library, bear witness to the breadth and depth of his classical study. Probably no one else in America during the fifteen years between 1831, when he was made professor, and 1846, when he was elected president, studied so thoroughly the "corpus" of Greek inscriptions, Plato, Aristotle, and Theocritus, to say nothing of the Greek drama. In those days advanced graduate students were not many in this country, but Dr. Woolsey had a graduate class which included James Hadley, and another which included William Dwight Whitney and the younger President Dwight. His editions of Greek plays and Platonic dialogues were not only far better than any which this country had known, but even better than any of the same aim in England or Germany. To Kingsley and Woolsey, as pioneers, classical learning in this country owes more than it at present recognizes.

But Kingsley did not stand alone as Professor of Latin during that long half-century. In 1842 Thomas Anthony Thacher, a graduate of the class of 1835, after service of four years as tutor, was appointed Assistant Professor of Latin, and was promoted to the full professorship on Kingsley's retirement in 1851. His labors for the college ended only with his death in 1886. He was a thorough and able scholar; but his skill in the management and care of students was so great and unusual that his scientific work was often interrupted, and his influence on scholarship in the country at large was by no means so great as on college government and the general problems of higher education. He was one of the first (in 1843) to advocate the establishment of a regular course of instruction for graduate students, such as Yale now has in her Graduate School.

Shortly after Dr. Woolsey's accession to the presidency of Yale College, James Hadley, of the class of 1842, was made Assistant Professor of Greek—in 1848—and in 1851 was promoted to the full professorship. He had a thoroughly scientific mind, of crystal clearness. A high authority, who knew well his early work, said that the best mathematician in the country was spoiled when Hadley devoted himself to Greek. He was interested in the whole field of human knowledge, and lectured on Roman law as well as on Homer. The outlying districts, the less frequented paths of Greek literature, interested him. His accuracy was extraordinary, and some of his learned discoveries attracted such attention abroad as to be translated and published in Germany. His death in 1872 was a severe blow to classical philology in America. He was then at the height of his powers, and if he had lived would have published far more in the next score of years than he had done already. His influence on the scholarship of the country was only in its beginning. If Hadley had lived until now, classical scholarship in Yale and in the whole country would have advanced to a higher plane even than at present. In 1863 Lewis Richard Packard was made Assistant Professor of Greek, as associate to Hadley, and was soon promoted to a full professorship. He was a brilliant scholar, with mind as clear-cut as his face, but after years of physical suffering he met a premature death in 1884, leaving undone much work for which he was well fitted.

No sketch of classical philology at Yale or in the country would be complete without the mention of what has been done at this university in the field of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. In this department Yale preceded her rivals and associates. Only three or four universities in the world had professors of Sanskrit in 1841, when Edward Elbridge Salisbury (who still lives in an honored old age) was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Yale, after long study with Lassen at Bonn and Garcin de Tassy in Paris. In 1854 Professor Salisbury provided a permanent endowment for the chair of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, and resigned it to William Dwight Whitney, who did more than any other man of his time to establish sound views of the origin and growth of language, and remained more honored, both at home and abroad, than any other American scholar in any department of science until his death in 1894. It was chiefly under Whitney and Hadley that an advanced course in philology was established at Yale, the first in the country which might vie with like courses in Germany.

A century ago each of the three lower classes in Yale College had its own special tutor to instruct it in all subjects. The three young men to whom the entire instruction of these three classes was intrusted were graduates of less than four years' standing! The present Freshman class alone has fifteen instructors devoted to its service, of whom only three are graduates of less than four years' standing, and these last have each had three years of graduate study.

At present Yale University has four full professors of Greek, of whom no one has had more than twenty-five years or less than fifteen years of experience in teaching; two instructors, who have had eight and twelve years' experience in teaching; and one tutor, who has recently returned from two years' study in Greece, in connection with the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The Latin department has three full professors and four tutors, of whom much the same might be said as of the teachers of Greek. In close connection with the department of Classical Philology stands also the department of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, with a professor and an assistant professor. A marked contrast with the state of things a century ago!

With such a faculty and such a library in this department as Yale now possesses, and such a building as Phelps Hall, the classical department of Yale University is eminently strong, and may fairly anticipate a second century of still greater distinction. Only a few years ago some claimed that the classics were effete and had no rightful place in modern education, and that a college which insisted on the study of Greek must lose numbers and influence. The most determined attack on the study of Greek, as a *fetich*, was published in 1884. Yale College had 141 Freshmen studying Greek that autumn; this year Yale has 355 Freshmen, all studying Greek, in addition to the Freshmen in the Sheffield Scientific School!

FROM 1880 TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.[*]

THE final volume of Mr. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* brings the narrative of events up to the month of March in the present year; and it is pleasant to be able to say that neither illness nor eighteen years of Parliamentary strife have spoiled the kindliness of his pen, or made the McCarthy of the two earlier volumes one whit less vivacious, shrewd, and entertaining. This is history written as no one else has ever written it. Macaulay fought the first battle against Dryasdust and the "dignity of history." Froude fought the second, and thousands of readers laid down their novels to flock to his standard. McCarthy has fought the third, and proved that history can be lively and humorous and sociable, and yet be history still. Out of the abundantly meagre material afforded by contemporary newspapers and blue-books he has concocted a history much as Charles Reade would transform a prison report into a novel. He writes for the average man in his most leisurely moments. One reads him as one listens to a cultured man of the world chatting genially about history and politicians, with gossip and anecdotes, a light and very charming touch, and the ease of one who knows his subject backwards, and can pick out its brightest and most interesting features. Very wisely—for the events of which he writes are still too near to allow their perspective to be taken—he makes no attempt to trace the causes and effects of the political movements of the time. His is the lighter side of history altogether. He deals in his winning fashion with men rather than measures, and would a great deal sooner sketch a character than expound a bill. And it is just this personal interest which Mr. McCarthy manages to work into his history that makes him so popular and marks him off from other writers.

It is very possible that in the case of the history of England between 1880 and 1897 posterity will confirm Mr. McCarthy's view and concern itself more with Mr. Parnell and Mr. Chamberlain than with the home-rule agitation, and more with Lord Randolph Churchill than with the annexation of Burmah. The careers and characters of these three men may conceivably be found to overshadow in interest all the legislative enactments of the last seventeen years. All three are men far above the common level; to all three came political trials and vicissitudes of the greatest moment; two of them at least showed a positive genius for party leadership, and the third, the only surviving one, after nearly ten years of exile from office, after being hated and abused and admired and feared with equal vehemence by both parties, is now being gradually recognized and trusted in as the first colonial minister of the century. Parnell, in prison one day, and the next dictating terms to the two great English parties; received on one signal occasion in the House of Commons by the uprising of the entire Liberal party with bared heads, and a few months afterwards impotent, disgraced, and dead; waging indomitable war almost single-handed against the whole force of public opinion in and out of Parliament; capturing the Gladstonians and bending them to his wishes; followed and believed in, they scarcely knew why, by all Irishmen at home and abroad; the man of mystery, of coldness, of secrecy, of intense and unconquerable perseverance, and, finally, of a tragedy that killed him, and for a time ruined the cause for which he had fought—that life of storm and strife, of approaching success and of sudden humiliating failure, must surely have an abiding fascination and interest. Hardly less appealing in its dramatic pathos is the tale of Lord Randolph Churchill's career. He began as a brilliant irresponsible filibuster who seemed to be merely playing at politics; he developed into the one original Tory statesman that England has seen since Disraeli. In office he showed a daring and resource, and as leader of the House a courtesy and nerve, that marked him out as one of the men who are born to be statesmen. He inspired in every one, in the House of Commons, in the officials of the great government departments, in his own party, and especially in the working-classes throughout the kingdom, a profound belief in his own power to govern. That the average English laborer has been converted into a supporter of the Conservative party is due, as much as it can be due to any one man, to the democratic impulse which Lord Randolph's masterful policy gave to his followers. At one time there was no one to rival Lord Randolph in popularity and influence. "He mounted," says Mr. McCarthy, "almost at one step, into prominence and into power." He dismounted with equal rapidity. From the moment he resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer sooner than agree to what he considered an extravagant vote for the navy, he became politically dead. That he could have rewon his position had his health been spared no one can doubt. But it was not to be. The terrible malady from which he suffered gained rapidly upon him, and made his last efforts to address the House of Commons distressful both to himself and his hearers. Lord Randolph crowded the best work of his life into two splendid years. "There were many greater men in the House of Commons in Randolph Churchill's own time," says Mr. McCarthy, "but there were none, perhaps, who had a career more unexpectedly brilliant, more unexpectedly blighted."

There are also, no doubt, many greater men in the present House of Commons than Mr. Chamberlain, but there is not one whose career has been watched with such interest and anxiety by his contemporaries, nor one whose personality will have more attraction for posterity. From the most dreaded of Radicals he has been turned by circumstances into the foremost of Conservatives. He has battled unflinchingly with the bitterest opposition, both personal and political, and triumphed over it. He stands out to-day as the supreme example of the middle-class politician, the cool, hard-headed, prosaic man of business, who knows just what he wants and takes the shortest road to it, who deals with the difficulties of to-day and leaves the morrow to look after itself, and only needs a little imagination injected into him to become the average Englishman's ideal of what a statesman should be. In the home-rule crisis he was tried and not found wanting. Sooner than support a measure which he believed to be dangerous to the empire, he gave up the reversion of the Liberal leadership, broke away from his friends and party, and was content for seven years to serve as a lieutenant in the Conservative ranks. It was an act of self-renunciation that posterity will be better able to appreciate than we are at present; though it is possible that posterity, judging Mr. Chamberlain from this sacrifice, will form a rather incorrect notion of his character and reputation.

History will also be called upon to decide upon the close of Mr. Gladstone's career. To the minds of most Englishmen his reputation as a capable statesman was greatly damaged by his government of 1880. The failure to avenge Majuba Hill, and the desertion of Gordon in Egypt, told heavily and irreparably against him. But undoubtedly his miraculously sudden conversion to the doctrine of home-rule was what most of all lowered his standing among Englishmen. Has Gladstone advanced or declined as a statesman since 1880? It will be many years before that question is settled. At least one reason for supposing that the personal interest of this period will outweigh the political, lies in the singular absence of important legislation. Apart from the franchise bill, the redistribution bill, the free education bill, and Harcourt's budget of 1894, no domestic measures of first-rate importance have been passed during the last seventeen years. The empire, on the other hand, has grown with amazing rapidity. The period with which Mr. McCarthy deals has seen England settle herself firmly in Egypt and make herself practically the mistress of South Africa—two achievements of incalculable consequence. But in domestic politics, since the advent of Lord Salisbury's government in 1886, there has been very little stirring. The country seems to have been enjoying a quiet time by its own fireside after the passion and heat of the conflict stirred up by Mr. Gladstone's home-rule bill. The Venezuelan message and Dr. Jameson's invasion of the Transvaal raised a tumult for a time, and the Armenian massacres were the cause of several meetings and much impassioned eloquence. But, on the whole, it is probable that our descendants will discover that the last eleven years in England have been very prosperous and very dull. **SYDNEY BROOKS.**

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[*] *History of Our Own Times.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Vol. III. Harper & Brothers.

TARPON DAYS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

"MEGALOPS" is not a pretty name for one of the handsomest fish that swims and the gamiest fighter of our shallow tropic seas; but it is scientific, and when printed in italics is more pleasing to the eyes of science than tarpon, or even "silver king." The much-sought fish bearing these several titles is not naturally vicious, nor does he swim through life with a chip on his shoulder. On the contrary, when unmolested in his pursuit of happiness, he is of a cheerful disposition, full of playful antics, and as anxious to avoid "scraps" as a new boy at boarding-school. But let him realize that his liberty is endangered, and he is instantly transformed into a fighter of such strength, savagery, and cunning that the man or woman—the record catch to date, 205 pounds, is held by a woman—who brings him to gaff is entitled to rank at once as past master among piscators.

The tarpon may be found at home anywhere along the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico and on the east side of the Floridian peninsula as far north as the St. John's River. He is pre-eminently the game fish of Southern waters, where his fighting record is only approached by the smaller but equally plucky and infinitely more agile bonefish of Biscayne Bay. An adult tarpon is six feet and over in length, weighs from 100 to 300 pounds, is hereditary chief of the great herring family, and never appears in public unless clad in a full suit of silver mail. Although an omnivorous feeder, he is particularly fond of shrimp, crayfish, and mullet, which he seeks on muddy bottoms in shallow waters. These waters must, however, like "tarpon days," be warm; for unless their temperature is between 60° and 70° the silver king will not enter them. Cold is fatal to him, and melancholy indeed was the sight in that early February of 1895 when the great freeze that wiped out thousands of Florida orange-groves so chilled the waters of Biscayne Bay as to kill every tarpon within its limits, and leave their gleaming bodies to float by hundreds on its placid surface. In cool weather, therefore, friend tarpon either seeks the warmth of deep waters or sulks in the shallows without spirit or appetite. Thus there is but small inducement to fish for him until March, when the fervent Florida sun warms him into renewed activity, and he seeks the shallow feeding-grounds of the coast. From then on, through April, May, and June, the sport is at its best, and those fishermen who remain latest generally win the highest prizes.

The requisites to success in tarpon-fishing are a favorable locality, hot weather, warm water, infinite patience, plenty of endurance, coolness, skill, a good guide, carefully selected tackle, and a knowledge of how to use it. The preferred rod is a heavy, seven-foot, single-jointed affair of green heart or split bamboo. It must be provided with a powerful multiplying-reel and some six hundred feet of 21-thread line. To this is attached a hook, made expressly for the purpose, by a three-foot snood of loosely braided cotton, or of rawhide soaked in oil. Thus equipped, the fisherman is rowed to a feeding-ground in a broad, flat-bottomed skiff, fitted for his comfort with a swivel arm-chair, and provisioned for a siege. This craft is anchored in a few feet of water, the hook is baited with mullet previously caught by the attendant guide, a cast of some seventy feet is made. Ten yards or so of line are loosely coiled on an after-thwart, and everything is in readiness for the reception of his silver lordship.

Now comes a test of patience and endurance, for one may sit in the broiling sun, with skin of face, neck, and wrists blistering, peeling, and tanning for hours, days, and even weeks, without getting a fish. Tarpon may play about the boat, leaping, diving, threshing the water with pliant tails, and keeping the angler's nerves on a tension of expectancy for hours at a time, and never go near his alluring bait; or for days he may not see a fish. It has happened that men thoroughly equipped and well-advised have passed an entire season without bringing a single tarpon to gaff. At the same time the victim of this hard luck may experience the added bitterness of seeing fishermen no more skilled than himself land their three fish between breakfast and dinner. Again, he may hook a tarpon and play him for hours, only to have him break away and become but a memory at the moment when victory seemed most certain. The very first rush after a strike may result in a vanished line and a broken rod; or the fight may be maintained for weary hours, perhaps far into the night, before the powerful fish shows a sign of yielding. Thus tarpon-fishing becomes a "gamble" of the most exciting nature. One-half its fascination is based upon its uncertainties, while the other half rests upon the great strength of the fish and the plucky fight that he makes, without a moment's let-up from the moment he feels the stout hook deep buried in his stomach until he is brought to gaff.

A tarpon's mouth being lined with bony plates instead of teeth, he does not snap at a bait, nor bite it, but deliberately sucks it in; and the fisherman must not strike until it is thoroughly gorged. The instant the startled fish becomes conscious of the restraining line and of the hook in his "midst," he rushes to the surface and leaps high in air, as though to discover the nature of the enemy attacking him. As the angler catches this first glimpse of his superb, silver-clad foe, he braces himself for the mad rush that he knows will instantly follow. Now come leap after leap and rush after rush, quick double and fierce pull, singing reel and straining rod, aching muscles and labored breath, feverish excitement, in which high hopes are followed by moments of black despair; and so for hours the battle is waged, until either the fisherman sadly reels in the remnant of a parted line and "cusses" under his breath, or the superb glittering trophy for which he has planned and long fought lies at his feet. In this latter case the glorious triumph is an ample reward for all that he has undergone to secure it, and he is exultant with the knowledge that henceforth no fellow-angler can relate a more thrilling tale of rod and reel than he.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

IN summer, like a turquoise chaste
That in a girl's dark hair is placed,
In winter, like that turquoise yet
Now in the girl's white bosom set,
So is a forest lake that lies
Mountain-hid 'neath northern skies;
Its lone dim bank a fitting place
To hush and to hide the drowsy grace
Of nature and all her handmaids fair
Resting and sleeping gently there;
Low the hermit-thrushes sing,
And shyest wood-duck folds her wing,
Folds her wing and floats secure
In forest waters fresh and pure.

And wandering there one summer day
A man grew still, and turned away,
As one might pause and keep apart
If shown the depths of a woman's heart.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

FALSE ECONOMY

is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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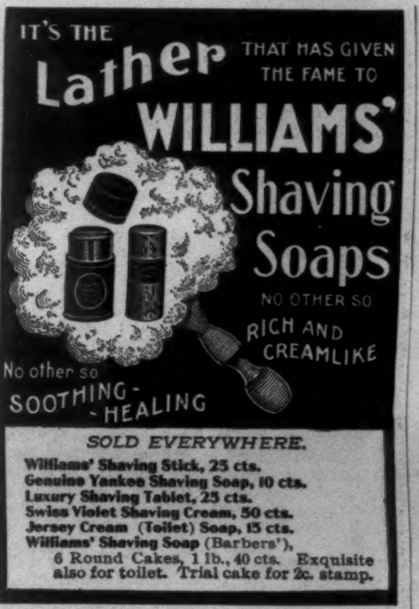

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Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
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Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
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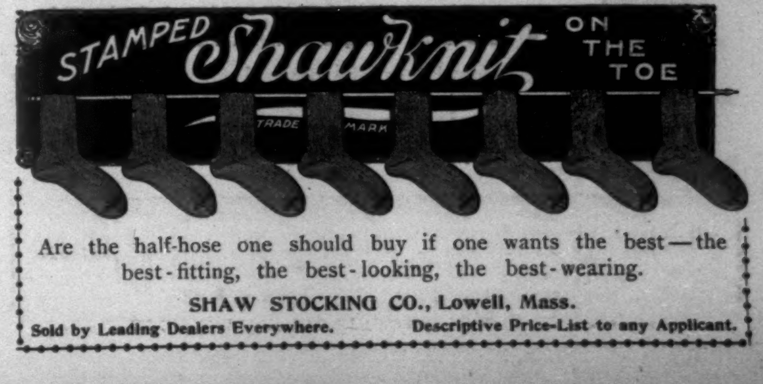

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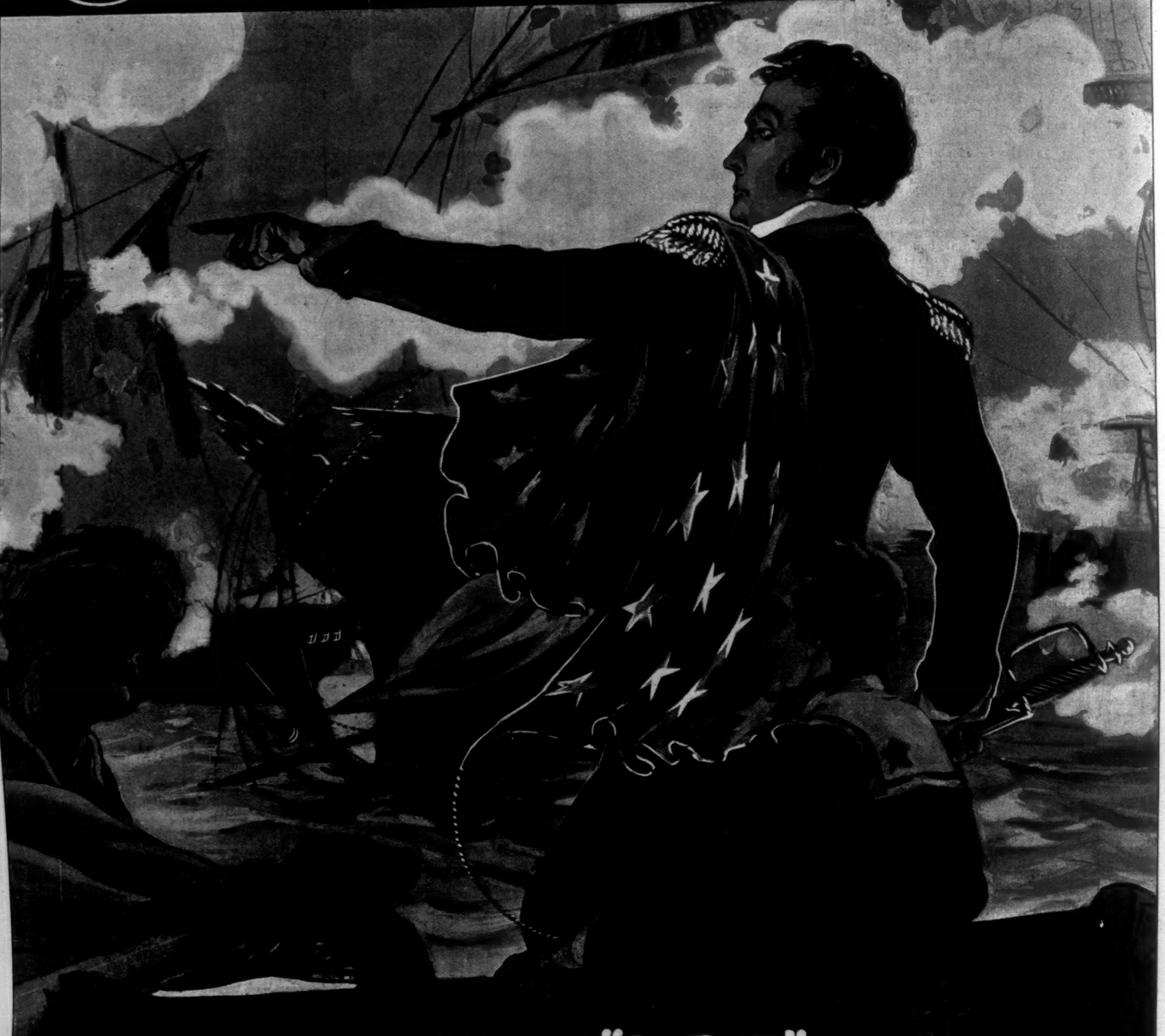


ASK FOR "PABST"

Take Up the Slack!

The human body in the heat of summer may be likened to a ship in a dead calm; she cannot make port without the little tug-boat, which, catching her by her loose cable, pulls gently, but gradually, and taking up the slack, brings her safely to the dock.

The nerves, the muscles and the mind in summer are at the slack of their cables, yet the cares of household or business may increase. That famous little tug,

PABST MALT EXTRACT, The "Best" Tonic,

takes right hold of the loosened ropes, gently gives new action and vitality, and draws one through the critical months to fresh and vibrant life. Cool, foaming and full of rejuvenating influences, it makes the relaxed forces taut and strong.

PABST MALT EXTRACT *is* The "Best" Tonic.

THE BEST IN FOURTEEN YEARS.

It gives me pleasure to endorse your "Best" Tonic as the best malt extract I have used in my fourteen years' practice. I have often prescribed it for my patients, but never was so fully convinced of its merits as when I tried it myself this summer for dyspeptic and stomach troubles, from which I suffer, especially during the hot weather. I shall continue to prescribe "Best" Tonic to my patients.

W. R. FRANKLIN, M. D.
Rockford, Ill., July 3, 1896.

PERRY'S VICTORY

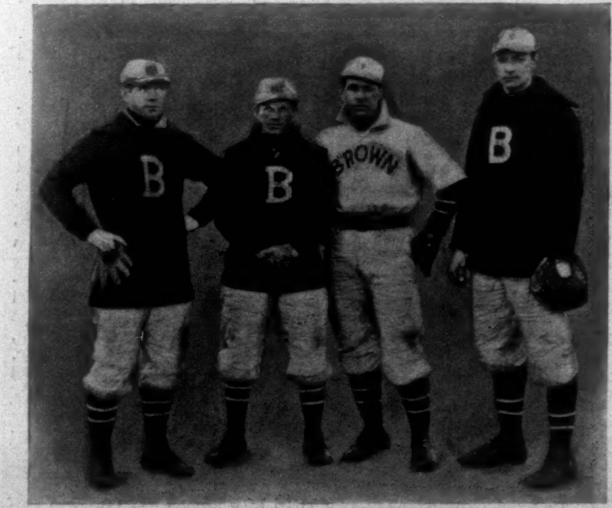
BINNER CHICAGO

AMATEVR-SPORT

The Western Inter-collegiate championship games at Chicago this year proved at least these three things:—notable general development in form; the speed of J. H. Maybury; and the inefficiency of the committee which had assumed responsibility for the management of the meeting. This year this managing committee was composed of nine alumni, and, as is almost invariably the case in similar committees, there was no apparent head and no very clear conception of duties. As a result, the courses were carelessly measured—Maybury losing a world's record in the 220 yards flat therefrom—and the field swarmed with individuals whose license to interrupt the vision of the spectators had been furnished by the committee.

Wisconsin won the championship, as it was practically certain she would, and by a larger margin than last year. Points—Wisconsin, 47; Michigan, 19, Minnesota, 14; Chicago, 12; Illinois, 11; Leland Stanford Junior, 10; Lake Forest, 5; Grinnell, 3; De Pauw, 3; Northwestern, 2.

After Maybury's speedy running at his university games, several weeks earlier, where he did 9⅘ s. for 100 yards and 11⅘ s. for 120 yards, his work in the championships naturally attracted the greatest attention. It is fair to say he settled all doubts as to his right to share with John Owen, Jr., and B. J. Wefers the honors of the world's amateur record—9⅘ s. for the 100-yard dash. But for an incompetent committee Maybury would have made a world's record for the 220 yards flat around one turn. He ran the distance in 21⅗ s. (two of six watches showed 21½ s.), but on remeasuring the track for record, it was found twenty-two inches short—which probably had no perceptible effect on the actual time made, but invalidated the record none the less. The present record for 220 yards around one turn is 21⅗ s. The 100-yard track was found three inches long, so the 9⅘ s. record will be accepted.



W. Lauder, Third Base, W. D. Phillips, Short Stop. W. L. Fults, Capt. and Second Base. A. L. Rodman, First Base.

THE BROWN UNIVERSITY IN-FIELD.

Rush, whose meeting with Maybury had promised rare racing, was ill, and ran in only a single heat. But a new man turned up in Burroughs (Chicago), who, much to general surprise, beat Potter (Northwestern), and ran within two yards of Maybury in the 100 yards, and was about five yards back at the finish of the longer sprint. All of which marks Burroughs as a sprinter of much promise.

The unexpected again happened in the quarter-mile. Fox (Wisconsin), who seems to have more speed than heart, ran with wretched judgment, leading his field by twenty yards to the 300-yard mark, and then quitting when challenged in the last thirty yards by Jackson (Lake Forest), who beat him by a yard, in 51⅕ s. Downer, Wisconsin's other quarter-miler, and who ran second to Rush last year, was tempted into Fox's runaway race, and was all "out" at 350, getting no better than fourth, in about 52 s. Nelson, the Minnesota 50⅕ s. man, was lost in the bunch, and Rush did not start. Minnesota, however, successfully brought off a dark horse in the half-mile with Brennan, who won in the very slow time of 2 m. 6⅗ s. It seems as though a faster half-miler ought to be turned out among so many colleges. The mile was not so poor, but disclosed the poverty of the Middle Western universities in distance material. Copeland (Wisconsin) won easily in 4 m. 38⅗ s., with a sore foot, and on very irregular training. Properly fitted, Copeland could probably get under 4 m. 30 s.

Greater improvement in form was shown in the hurdles than in any other event on the programme. Richards (Wisconsin) of course won, in 15⅘ s., after going a trial in 16 s. The record appears to be a possibility for him in the high hurdles, but in the low he cannot finish out. A new low-hurdler, who seems destined to get very near the record, is Kraentzlein (Wisconsin). He gave an intimation of his speed at the Chicago Military and Athletic Carnival, and substantiated it by winning his event in the inter-collegiate championship in 25⅗ s. around one turn; Chubb (Michigan) got second. Kraentzlein also won the high jump easily at 5 ft. 9 in., the next being 5 ft. 8 in., by Vernon (Michigan). Waller (Wisconsin) has done 5 ft. 11 in., and is said to be good for 6 ft., but a sore heel prevented him equalling his form. The weights revealed no material of promise beyond the first-place men, and in the hammer the winning throw was only fair. Cochems (Wisconsin) took the shot at 40 ft. 11½ in., and Van Oven (Illinois) the hammer, 122 ft. ½ in. The second man in the shot was over two feet behind the winning put, while second in the hammer was about ten feet behind first. Poor coaching, or lack of it, rather than want of material, appears to explain these mediocre performances.

There was a better showing in the broad jump and pole vault. Charles S. Dole (Leland Stanford Junior) won both, and is undoubtedly capable of raising the figures he made at the Western championship. On that occasion he competed in the broad jump, high jump, shot, and pole vault, and though he carried away ten points for his university, he of course unfitted himself for doing his best in any one of the events. This was particularly true of the pole vault, which is probably Dole's special event. At his best he is equal to 11 ft., and perhaps more, but at Chicago he could not better 10 ft. 6¼ in., Hirschberger (Chicago) getting 10 ft. 3½ in., and third man doing 10 ft. Dole also won the broad jump at 21 ft. 3½ in., Gaines (Minnesota) getting second at 20 ft. 11 in., and Brewer (Wisconsin), centre-fielder, who had played in a game of ball in the morning, and had not trained for the jump at all, third at 20 ft. 10 in.

Thus while it is evident that the Western college athletes are yet considerably behind Eastern averages in the half-mile and mile runs and in field events, the meeting this year, in number of entries, in average quality of work, and in general interest, showed a most encouraging increase. Michigan, for her first attempt in three years, gave a very creditable exhibition, and will be a much stronger factor in the distribution of points next year.

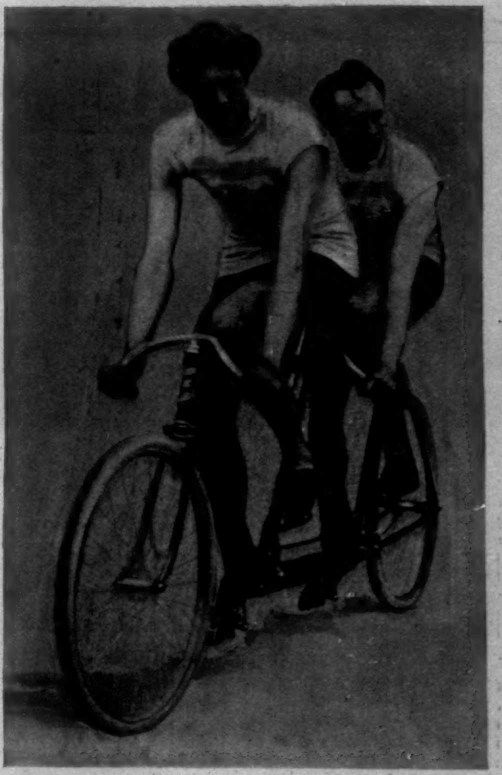
There is a chance of Wisconsin's four best men — Maybury, Richards, Cochems, and Kraentzlein—being seen East this year at the Amateur Athletic Union championships, under the colors of the Chicago Athletic Association; it is possible Rush may be of the same club team. If they do come, Maybury and Kraentzlein will make first place in their respective events very uncertain.

There were four new records made this year, and two old ones equalled.

WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC RECORDS.

Event.	Record.	Holder.	University.
100-yard dash........	9 4-5 sec.	J. H. Maybury.	Wisconsin.
220-yard dash	*21 3-5 "	J. H. Maybury.	Wisconsin.
440-yard run.........	50 "	Hodgman	Michigan.
880-yard run	1 m. 59 4-5 "	R. S. Palmer.	Grinnell.
One-mile run........	4 " 33 "	Cragin.	Lake Forest.
One-mile walk.......	7 " 26 "	F. S. Bunnell.	Minnesota.
120-yard hurdles.....	15 4-5 "	John Richards.	Wisconsin.
220-yard hurdles.....	25 3-5 "	Torry, A. Kraentzlein	California. Wisconsin.
Running broad jump	22 ft. 7 1-2 in.	J. H. Leroy.	Michigan.
Running high jump .	5 " 9 "	Clark, A. Kraentzlein	Illinois. Wisconsin.
Pole vault...........	11 "	A. H. Culver.	Northwestern
16-lb. hammer throw	123 " 9 1-2 "	R. M. Edgren.	California.
16-lb. shot put.......	44 " 3-4 "	Hall.	Michigan.

* One-fifth allowed for shortness of track.



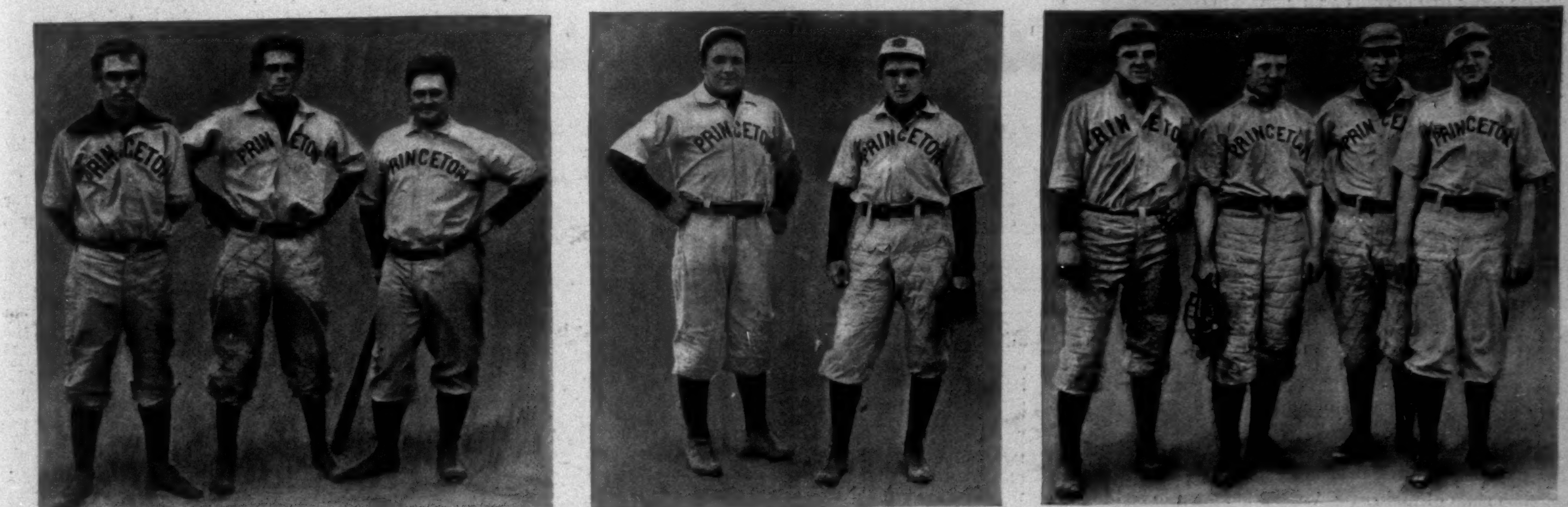
DAWSON AND POWELL,
Columbia's Champion Inter-collegiate Pair.

The quality of play in Middle Western baseball has not averaged so high this year as last; but, as explained recently in this Department, the general health of the game has immeasurably improved. I do not know when so much has been done in the same time for wholesome sport. The Middle Western universities have actually accomplished results in two years which we of this discerning and progressive East required about eight years to attain.

The prevailing Western feeling is now for *bona fide* amateurs who really stand for the athletic development of the university they represent. Wisconsin's backsliding last autumn will soon be forgotten if the present policy is pursued. The sentiment of the university, always (last autumn excepted) commendable, is now entirely converted to healthfulness. It is pleasing to note that all Wisconsin's athletes are again home-bred, and that material abounds in the lower college classes. If the Western universities will now eliminate that extra two years of eligibility granted men who have obtained a degree, and put the general limit at four years, there will be no ground for adverse criticism. The present rule is not fair to those colleges which do not make post-graduate work a feature.

Among these Middle Western universities the Chicago and the Illinois university baseball nines seem fairly entitled to share first honors. In number of games played and won perhaps Chicago has made a slightly better showing, but that is no fair basis for comparing their relative strength, for the simple reason that Chicago's schedule was considerably longer than that of Illinois. There is a fairer basis furnished by the inter-collegiate games of the four leading universities, shown by the following table:

	Chicago.	Illinois.	Michigan.	Wisconsin.	Won.
Chicago....		1	3	2	6
Illinois	1		1	1	3
Michigan....................	1	1			2
Wisconsin...................		1	2		3
Lost....................	2	3	6	3	



Bradley, Centre Field. Easton, Left Field. Altman, Right Field.

Kelley, First Base. Butler, Short Stop.

Hildebrand, Third Base. Kafer, Catcher. Jayne, Pitcher. Wilson, Capt. and Pitcher.

THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY NINE.

INTER-COLLEGIATE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN BEACH, JUNE 5, 1897.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Columbia.	Yale.	Univ. of Penn.	Georgetown.	Winner.	Performance.	Inter-collegiate Record.	Year made.
Quarter-mile	7	1			Fearing, Powell, McCutcheon.	32 3-5 s.	32 1-5 s., J. T. Williams, Columbia, H. K. Bird, Columbia.	1896.
Half-mile........	8				Powell, Fearing, Bird.	1 m. 6 3-5 "	1 m. 6 3-5 " W.H. Fearing, Jr., Columbia, I. A. Powell, Columbia.	1897.
One mile	7	1			Dawson, Powell, Butler.	2 " 13 3-5 "	2 " 13 3-5 " Ray Dawson, Columbia.	1897.
One-mile tandem	5	1	2		Powell-Dawson, R. J. and J. S. Williams, Walker-Anderson.	2 " 10 1-5 "	2 " 10 1-5 " I. A. Powell, Columbia, Ray Dawson, Columbia.	1897.
Five mile........	7			1	Dawson, Hays, Schade.	11 " 50 1-5 "	11 " 50 1-5 " Ray Dawson, Columbia.	1897.
Total points..	34	3	2	1				

The university winning the largest number of points at this meet scores a first place (5 points) in the bicycle event of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Championships; the second and third best getting second and third places, or 2 points and 1 point, respectively.

By this we see that Chicago defeated Illinois once and was defeated by Illinois once, and that each beat Michigan and Wisconsin, and both were in turn beaten by Michigan. It looks as though Chicago were a shade the stronger, but her superiority does not appear to be pronounced enough to settle the leadership on paper. As these same universities pursue this championship chase every year, I should think some means would be suggested whereby a definite and positive conclusion could be finally reached. There was the same discussion last year.

Northwestern dropped out early, disbanding as soon as Golden and Witter resigned; Beloit, despite the promise of reform, played her coach, as did also Nebraska, and the ethics of Notre Dame continued of a character to make that team beneath notice in a discussion of college amateur baseball. The strong pitching of Clarke was largely responsible for Chicago's good showing. Illinois was not so fortunate in the box. Michigan suffered through the loss of all that unwholesome material she has relied upon hitherto, and which this year was outlawed. The season just finished, despite its six lost games, reflects more credit on Michigan than any year in her baseball history. We congratulate the Athletic Committee and the nine's captain and Mr. Atkinson, its manager.

AN ALL-WESTERN UNIVERSITY NINE is perhaps more difficult to pick this year than last, with its wealth of material, but the following seems a fair choice, all things considered:

ALL-WESTERN UNIVERSITY NINE.

H. Clarke, pitcher (Chicago); Gardner, catcher (Chicago); Abells, 1st base (Chicago); Fulton, 2d base (Illinois); Clark, 3d base (Wisconsin); Shuler, short stop (Illinois); Gregg, left field (Wisconsin); Hadsall, centre field (Illinois); Hirschberger, right field (Illinois).

SUBSTITUTES.

Condon (Michigan), Adkinson (Chicago), in-field; Brewer (Wisconsin), out-field; Bandelin (Wisconsin), pitcher.

Notre Dame has been ignored because of her ethics, and Northwestern not considered because of her early disbandment. She had two men in Sickles and Murphy who would have had substitute places on the nine, had the inter-collegiate series been played out.

Clarke easily leads the West in pitching; he has speed, curves, a good head, and can bat. His fault is a tendency to uncertainty in fielding his position. Behind the the bat Gardner leads about as easily; he is a speedy, accurate thrower, and a good batter. Good substitutes for these positions are scarce. Abells is the choice for first over several good men, mainly for his experience. It is questionable whether he is a better fielder or batter than Condon, but other things being equal, the older man is preferred as being steadier. Fulton and Gregg and Adkinson have all been playing second, and my choice is Fulton, though the other two are needed on the team, and Gregg would be the substitute catcher as well.

There are no really first-class third-base men. Clark is about as good as any in fielding, and is chosen because he is a sure and hard hitter. Shuler is about as safe a fielder as any of a rather indifferent lot of short stops, and is chosen chiefly for his stick-work.

Of the out-fielders, Hirschberger, Gregg, Hadsall, and Brewer are really first-class, all fast men, who can cover ground, hit the ball, and be relied upon in a pinch.

In Bandelin—Wisconsin's left-handed Freshman—the team would have a good sub-pitcher, and a man of much promise.

THE ONLY OPPORTUNITY THIS YEAR to compare Eastern and Western baseball was furnished by the two Cornell-Michigan games—both of which Cornell won—the first at Ithaca and the second at Ann Arbor. There was really no need of play to illustrate the superiority of the Eastern college game, but Cornell's success over Michigan came as a solace for the previous trips of this season that have been disastrous to that university. On the last Eastern trip Cornell won two of five games; but of those lost was one to New York University, after a game which can be characterized only as footless. Cornell should have won easily. Probably she thought it too easy. In the East, Cornell did not fulfil the promise of her first game with Princeton; but her play against Michigan had more of baseball in it and less of error-making. She won by 6–1.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO RECORD the athletic success of Earlham (Richmond, Indiana), another Western college which has earnestly striven to keep its sport wholesome. Earlham belongs to the Indiana State Inter-collegiate Association, the championship of which for seven years has alternated between Purdue and Rose Polytechnic. Last year Earlham was third, but this year won the pennant with 53 points—Purdue, 42; Rose Polytechnic, 40; Wabash, 21; De Pauw, 10; Univ. of Indianapolis, 7; State Normal, 5.

The rules of this State Association seem to be in much need of revision; the programme goes to the absurd length of having twenty events; while post-graduates of not more than two years' standing are allowed to compete. This gives the large State institutions an unfair advantage. That Earlham, with only one hundred students, should have won against such odds, speaks highly for the team and its manager and trainer.

OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE BICYCLE meet there is only to say that Columbia's riders were invincible, and swept all before them. The work of W. H. Fearing, Jr.—who so distinguished himself last year—of I. A. Powell, and of Ray Dawson, was simply remarkable. They outclassed all the others. Among them they won first in every event on the programme, Dawson placing two records to his individual credit, and sharing another with Powell. Bird was not in his best form. Princeton did not compete, and Harvard failed to score a point. The work of Yale's team did not justify the opinion previously held of its speed.

Schade, who won the five-mile event last year, was outclassed. By-the-way, last year he was entered from Columbian College; this year he hails from Georgetown; next year, I presume, we may look for him at Holy Cross!

THE HARVARD-YALE-CORNELL 'varsity boat-race next Friday will do more than decide the fastest '97 crew over four miles. It will definitely settle, I think, which is the better stroke for that distance—the straight English as adopted by Harvard and Yale, or the Americanized English as developed by Cornell. Perhaps the majority of us believe that question to have been already answered by the experiences of Yale and Cornell at Henley. But I am not of that opinion.

When Cornell rowed at Henley, the stroke she used was considerably shorter than the one revealed last year at Poughkeepsie, and the stroke employed against Leander by Yale was but slightly longer than the one Cornell had previously shown at Henley. On both occasions the American crews were defeated in short-distance races, where the rapid-fire stroke was believed to be at its best.

As between that very short stroke which Cornell formerly used in its highest perfection, and that Yale somewhat approached in recent years, and the English stroke, there is no room for a moment's argument as to the superior for any distance. But there does seem to be room for argument as to the better of the extreme English and modified English strokes.

YALE 'VARSITY CREW.

Name.	Class.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Langford, G.	'97	Stroke	20	6 ft. 1½ in.	172
Griswold, W. E. S.	'99	No. 7	20	6 " 1 "	167
Allen, F. W.	1900	No. 6	20	6 "	182
Bailey, P. H. (captain)..	'97	No. 5	23	6 "	178
Greenway, J. C.	1900	No. 4	20	6 "	170
Campbell, H. G., Jr.	'97	No. 3	21	6 " ¼ "	169
Whitney, Payne........	'98	No. 2	21	5 " 10½ "	169
Rogers, D. F.	'98	Bow	21	6 "	163
Greene, L. F.	'99	Cox.			105

Average weight of eight, 171¼.

SUBSTITUTES.

Mills, Paul D., '98, 172; Marsh, G., '98, 172.

HARVARD 'VARSITY CREW.

Name.	Class.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Boardman, E. A. Jr.....	'99	Stroke	21	5 ft. 10 in.	156
Goodrich, David M. (cap.)	'98	No 7	20	6 " 1¼ "	172
Perkins, John F.	'99	No. 6	19	6 " ¾ "	168
Perkins, James H.	'98	No. 5	21	6 " 1½ "	177
Sprague, Albert A., 2d..	'97	No. 4	22	6 " ¼ "	176
Wrightington, Edgar N.	'97	No. 3	23	5 " 9½ "	167
Bull, Charles C.	'98	No. 2	20	5 " 9 "	170
Marvin, George D.	'99	Bow	23	5 " 11 "	155
Huidekoper, R. S.	'98	Cox.			113

Average weight of eight, 167⅝.

SUBSTITUTES.

Hollister, S., '97, 175; McDuffie, C. H., 99, 166; Thomson, C., '99, 172; Whitbeck, B. H., '99, 165.

CORNELL 'VARSITY CREW.

Name.	Class.	Position.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
F. A. Briggs............	'98	Stroke	24	5 ft. 6 in.	135
Savage, Ed. J.	'98	No. 7	22	5 " 11 "	162
E. O. Spillman (captain).	'97	No. 6	22	5 " 10½ "	166
Odell, Mark M.	'97	No. 5	25	5 " 11 "	160
King, Asa C.	'99	No. 4	20	6 "	168
C. S. Moore	'98	No. 3	20	5 " 10½ "	168
Bentley, Wilton........	'98	No. 2	20	5 ft. 11 "	158
Wakeman, Samuel W..	'99	Bow	20	6 "	165
Colson, Frederick D....	'99	Cox.	21	5 " 6 "	104

Average weight of eight, 160¼.

SUBSTITUTES.

Oddie, Charles M., 167; Carter, Emment C., 148; Dalzell, William C., Jr., 161; Bailey, T. L., 163.

SPEAKING MERELY OF ESSENTIALS, and ignoring technical details, the differences between the extreme English used by Harvard and Yale and the modified or Americanized English used by Cornell are length of stroke, rigging, and angle of blade on the catch. In the Cornell boat the seats run down hill on the recover, and are not so high; the outriggers are not so long by an inch, the oars two and a half inches shorter, with blades one inch wider, and there are two inches less of the oar inboard. Cornell oars enter the water on a slight bevel, while Harvard and Yale use the English oar, and put the blade into the water at right angles with it.

Now the question is which style is the more conducive to pace, endurance, and watermanship. There is no doubt of the strength of the English stroke, but we do not know —for next Friday will provide the first genuine test of the two—whether it does not demand some sacrifice in another direction which the Americanized English is not called on to make. It will be shown whether the extreme reach and swing back with blades put into the water at right angles sends the boat along faster and smoother, and takes no more out of the men than the modified reach and swing, with blades put into the water at a slight bevel. It certainly seems as though the extreme reach and swing must call for more physical effort than the same principle of rowing applied to a swing modified a few degrees. And yet one of the Harvard crew tells me the present style is not so severe on the men as that used by their '96 crew—a statement we who saw last year's eight can readily believe, for the style then employed called for a snapping forward, let me say, as most expressive, of the bodies on the recover that must have been very wearing on the abdominal muscles, whereas the recover from the extreme swing back of the English style is more natural, and therefore less trying.

THE GIST OF THE QUESTION is, in a few words, whether, in the extreme swing back used by Harvard, the oarsman does not go beyond the point of efficacy, which in the modified swing used by Cornell he never passes. In the running of the boat between strokes this would be quickest and most certainly revealed. While I do not pretend to deep learning in the technique of eight-oared rowing, I believe I am correct in affirming that the manner in which the boat runs between strokes indicates the evenness of the applied power and the strength of the stroke. And it is the unhesitating travel of the Cornell boat between strokes that has suggested the query if, after all, the modified swing back will not in four miles give the greater pace to the shell.

I confess to having not yet become a convert to the extreme swing back, but if it wins next Friday I shall be convinced.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A BOAT-RACE in this country where the result was more uncertain than is the one of this week. And there has not before been a year when the undergraduates of the competing universities could take on such large stocks of confidence, and with such good reason, too. It is not a difficult matter for a non-partisan, after watching the several crews at work, to figure each out a winner. Each crew appears to have a slight advantage in some one essential, and all are going fast—of that there is no doubt whatever. Harvard is unquestionably the favorite, and, win or lose, the crimson will have the satisfaction of being represented by the first eight that has come from Cambridge, in my recollection, with a genuine prospect of triumphing. If they lose, there will yet remain the satisfaction of having at least settled upon a system which should be pursued with only such few changes in some of its details as the outcome of the contest next Friday may suggest. May suggest, I say, because it is possible that the extreme swing back will be found the winning style.

IN THE MATTER OF TIME ROWS, the three crews appear to be fairly even. Harvard, at Poughkeepsie, has, on different days and under favorable conditions, done a mile in 4 m. 24 s., three miles in 14 m. 25 s., and four miles in 19 m. 40 s.; in very bad water and with a stiff stern breeze they did 11 m. 20 s. for two miles, and 17 m. 30 s. for three miles last Saturday. Cornell has done a half-mile in 2 m. 30 s., rowing a thirty-two stroke, a mile in 4 m. 31 s., a mile and a half in 7 m. 26 s., two miles in 9 m. 34 s., all under favorable conditions, and three miles in 17 m. 35 s. under adverse conditions. Yale, on the Thames, which is not such lively water as the Hudson, has done 11 m. 10 s. for two miles with conditions unfavorable, and 19 m. 57 s. for the four miles with conditions very favorable.

As between Harvard and Yale, there is no perceptible difference in the swing back, but Yale seems to reach farther—to go dangerously near over-reaching, in fact. Harvard carries her oars better on the feather and enters the water cleaner, but Yale gets the harder grip on the water at the beginning of the stroke. While both row the stroke through, Harvard emphasizes the last of it with a snap, and Yale emphasizes the catch. Harvard appears to get no "bite" on the water at the catch. Both boats run smoothly between strokes. Harvard gets into the water quickly, and gives the impression of speed; Yale rips the stroke through in a way that suggests great power.

NO POINT OF CORNELL'S STROKE appears to be emphasized. She gets a reach about as long as Harvard, gets hold of the water cleanly and firmly, and holds on to it to the end of the stroke, getting a longer slide and stronger leg drive by not swinging back so far as either Harvard or Yale. The oars appear to be too high off the water on the catch, but the manner in which the shell travels does not indicate any loss there. The most noticeable, and to my mind most important, feature of Cornell's work is the way the boat glides along between strokes without a check.

With three crews so good, none violating the principles of first-class rowing, the choice of a winner becomes purely a matter of personal impression, which must be more or less influenced by circumstances. Harvard, for instance, is very fast on the start, and a whirlwind for a half-mile or so; if she should get a commanding lead the chances of either Cornell or Yale overhauling her would be small. It is not likely either Cornell or Yale will get much of a start on Harvard. My impression is that it will be a fast and up to three miles an exceedingly close race—that Cornell's modified swing back, smoother recovery, and the uninterrupted travel of the boat between strokes will more than match the greater strength in the other boats, and that she will win. As between Harvard and Yale, if Harvard has not shaken off Yale before three miles, it seems to me the result will depend on the drive of the stroke oar and the endurance of the men behind him. If this comes to pass, then I think Langford will outrow and outlast Boardman.

The Freshmen race seems to be between Yale and Harvard, with chances favoring the former.

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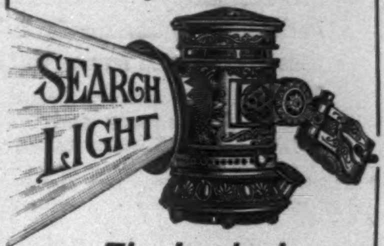

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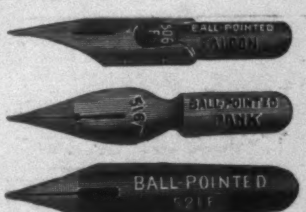

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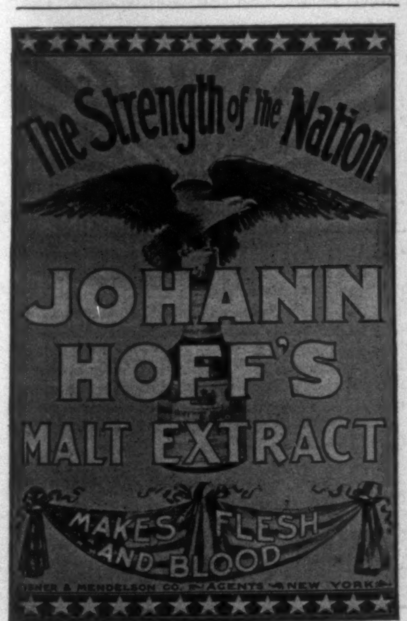
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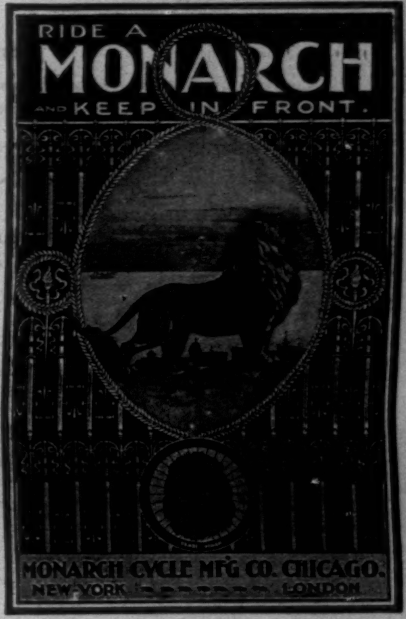

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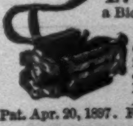

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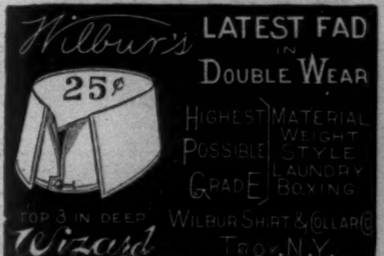

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